

Together.

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / AUGUST 1966

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MADISON



Jazz Worship Service (See page 26)

In this issue: **Germany's Different Christianity** / **Wilderness Hike** / **Existentialism**



Methodist Holiday on the fairgrounds: Sidney E. Stringham leads the group singing at an afternoon session.

Singing Day at Du Quoin

Weeks before the big fair, Methodists in southern Illinois find plenty of elbow (and singing) room in the huge grandstand where they gather for an afternoon and evening called an "adventure in religion."



Singing is singing—even though a Crusade Scholar does a folk song in his native tongue (above). But most of the crowd knows O for a Thousand Tongues and Battle Hymn of the Republic from childhood. Between afternoon and evening sessions, the singers break up into small picnic groups of friends and families on the fairgrounds lawn.



METHODISTS and others who lament the passing of such old-time practices as “all-day singing—with dinner on the grounds” have created a reasonable facsimile at Du Quoin, Ill. They call it Methodist Holiday—to be held this year on July 23. While the singing doesn’t last all day, and the “dinner” is actually a picnic supper, many of the songs and much of the fellowship are the same that attracted their forefathers to camp meetings.

For the past four years, the Board of Lay Activities of the Southern Illinois Conference has sponsored the event in the grandstand at Du Quoin State Fairgrounds. Weeks later, the racetrack before the stands is the scene of the annual running of the Hambletonian, said to be the richest harness race in the world.

“Yes,” said a spokesman, “we have had people raise their eyebrows about going to a racetrack to have a religious service—a Methodist holiday we call ‘an adventure in religion.’ But this is the only major stake race in the U.S. run without pari-mutuel betting or liquor being sold on the grounds!”

Several hundred attended last July’s singing despite temperatures that pushed up to the 103 degree mark. They heard Methodist speakers and visited with a group of Crusade Scholars from other countries. But when their combined voices rang out with *Blessed Assurance*, there could be no doubt about the real reason everybody came to the fairgrounds. They came to sing.

—H. B. TEETER

Po Yan's mother died when Po Yan and her twin sister were born. Their father didn't want the girls and so for two months all he fed them was boiled rice water.

When he finally abandoned them outside the gate of our Babies Home in Formosa, Po Yan was barely alive, suffering from acute malnutrition, too weak to even cry.

Doctors gave her no chance at all, yet stubbornly she held on. She didn't walk until she was two years old, and today, even though she is alert and healthy, you can still see a hint of sadness in her eyes. What will happen to her next, with her mother dead and a father who doesn't want her?

Only your love can help make sure *good* things happen to Po Yan—and children like her. You can be the most important person in the world to a youngster who longs to know that somewhere, someone cares.

For only \$10 a month (30¢ a day) you can sponsor a child, receiving the child's photograph, personal history, and an opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards . . . and love.

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PLEASE...
give me
your love





Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / August 1966



World Methodist flag.

After-Hour Jottings . . . Our little church is just around a corner from a shoe shop, and when we catch ourselves thinking that this is where Methodism begins and ends, period, we remind ourselves that:

There are 10,331,573 other Methodists in this country. There are 19,500,000 Methodists on the planet Earth.

And—finally—there are an estimated 42,500,000 Methodist adherents scattered across the face of the globe.

Little wonder that Methodists—who are said to hold meetings at the drop of a hat—have attended 10 world conferences to date. Now, as we write, 1,500 U.S. Methodists alone are ready to take off for the 11th World Methodist Council and Conference in London, August 18-26. They will be joined by hundreds from Methodist bodies in other parts of the world.

Naturally, this church never holds a big conference without paving the way with an appetizer or two. One preliminary event in London this summer will be a World Federation of Methodist Women Assembly (August 11-16) to be attended by women from six continents.

Then, on August 17, many of the delegates will be on hand for a World Methodist Family Life Day, believed to be the first of this kind and scope held by any church anywhere.

All of which underscores and updates

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TOGETHER—the Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 3)

John Wesley's concept that "all the world is my parish." In a world that has shrunk astonishingly since the 18th century, it is apparent that though great distances may separate us, our differences on things that really count are inconsequential. At least, if any of those on the way to London from other countries should happen to drop in at our little church around the corner from the shoe shop, we hope they'd soon feel right at home.

As a reminder that we are a world church, global as well as local . . . quite a few articles in this issue take us overseas. Two involve England, scene of the world conference. Ruth Ann Smith's *Long-Range Exchange* [page 14] takes a San Diego pastor's family to the British Isles, and puts an English pastor's family down in sunny California; and, on page 34, Harry C. Spencer recalls a visit with England's famed portrait artist, the late Frank O. Salisbury. Leaving England, we go to Sicily with Mary Seth [Love Comes to Rieti, page 20], and to Germany with Sarah Alden [see *Germany's Different Christianity*, page 36].

Mrs. Smith, whose husband exchanged summer pulpits with the Rev. John Harris, adds a postscript to her article. She tells us that the English family visited Tijuana, Mexico, while they were in San Diego, and Mr. Harris "was appalled by conditions just south of us." Back in England, the Youth Club at Poulton went caroling for Tijuana.

"Now we are investigating the best use of 10 pounds, British money, converted to American dollars for use in Mexico!" says Mrs. Smith.

Back home for a while . . . we find the field chaplain of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn quickly questioning a statement in the May issue that Methodism's first hospital was established in Georgia in 1830 [see *Highlights of Methodist History*, page 30, in that issue].

Writes the Rev. Donald S. Stacey:

"I enclose a letter from Warren A. Candler Hospital of Savannah, Ga., which plainly points out that this venerable institution did not come into our Methodist control until 1931."

Chaplain Stacey refers to an editorial in the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* for January 27, 1881, which called on the church to build a hospital, saying, "She [The Methodist Church] is today, so far as we can learn, without a hospital, a bed in a hospital, a dispensary . . . under her control."

Soon after that editorial, the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn—which observes its 85th anniversary this year—became Methodism's pioneer institution.

Robert J. Marsh, administrator of the Georgia hospital, explains that his institution is a very old one just the same. It has been in continuous operation since the early 1800s.

"The original building is still our main building . . . It bore the brunt of the yellow fever epidemic, was commandeered and used by General Sherman . . . housed the first medical college in



Photographer Spring: His studio is God's big, wide, wonderful world.

Georgia . . . started the first school of nursing in Georgia . . . and many other things."

Now that the sun is bearing down in earnest, we think you will enjoy stepping into the cool greens and blues of this month's center color pictorial *Wilderness Hike* [pages 29-32]. The picture credit line says "Bob and Ira Spring," and quite a well-known credit line it is. But Ira, who actually took the pictures in this issue, does not mind admitting that the two brothers, who are twins, seldom travel together because "two of us can cover twice as much of the world."

A Methodist for most of his life, Ira—like Bob—specializes in outdoor photography, particularly in the Pacific Northwest which abounds in the kind of spectacular scenery our hikers encountered. But neither is a regional stay-at-home; they are frequently off with their families to such places as Europe, Japan, or Alaska. The brothers have shared their globe-trotting camera adventures with readers of countless quality magazines, and have nine books to their credit.

This month's cover . . . believe it or not . . . is an early Sunday-morning worship service at Warsaw, Ind., a reverent one at that. For the story, see *Worship-in-the-Round*, on page 26.

—Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • Page 3—World Methodist Council • 4—Bob Spring • 5—Methodist Prints by Toge Fujihira • 14-15—Mrs. Stanley M. Smith • 18 Second from Top—Black Star, Third—Bob Case • 20-21-22-23—Mary Seth • 27 L.—Helen Johnson • 29-30-31-32—Bob and Ira Spring • 34—Harry C. Spencer • 36-37-38-39—The Rev. Roland T. Kamm • 50—From *Henry Reed's Baby-Sitting Service* by Keith Robertson, courtesy Viking Press, Inc. • Second Cover-1-18 Bot.-26-27 R.-42-43-44-45-46—George P. Miller.

The Church in Action

Methodist Women:

Ready for New Role?



*"We're a movement,
not an institution," declares
Mrs. Glenn Laskey, above,
Woman's Division president.
Upper and lower right:
Mrs. Porter Brown
and Miss Dorothy McConnell,
executives of Methodism's
Board of Missions.*

IS CHRISTIAN womanpower being wasted?

What is modern Eve's role as the church responds to radical theology, a mushrooming ecumenical movement, and the hard task of confronting a secular age?

Can Methodist women's organizations shed their image as a grandmotherly "God squad"—a busy band of dynamic do-gooders that pastors and laymen depend on for praying, money-raising, and who, beyond that, stick to their knitting?

Questions like these hung in the air at the recent 25th-anniversary assembly of the Woman's Society of Christian Service (WSCS) and the Wesleyan Service Guild (WSG) at Portland, Oreg. More than 8,000 Methodist women went home with challenges like this ringing in their ears:

- U.S. Rep. Edith Green of Portland: "Any woman who shrugs her shoulders at the news of the world and turns to the soap operas or the fashion pages is making no contribution to solving the issues of the day . . . not men's issues and not women's issues, but issues to be solved by all Americans."

- Dr. Albert C. Outler, delegate-observer to Vatican Council II for the World Methodist Council: "The recent record of our (Methodist) ecumenical leadership . . . would have to be rated as lukewarm. But this could improve . . . and the Woman's Society of Christian Service can aid in such an improvement more effectively than any other group in Methodism."

- Dr. Eva I. Shipstone of Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow, India: "We must train our minds and then use them . . . move away from stereotyped pictures of women's work and into the total life of the nation and the church."

- Dr. J. Edward Carothers, Methodist Board of Missions executive: "Metropolis' greatest need is the development of women in the skills and responsibilities of social leadership. The men simply are not going to give the leadership the city requires."

Myriad Contributions: Methodist women have not been sitting on their hands for 25 years. Far from it. In fact, their contributions are difficult to overstate. Women attend church more than men, give more, and do most of the work. Since the 1939 unification of three branches of Methodism, the denomination's women have given \$209 million for missionary work at home and overseas—for education, medicine, evangelism, literacy, world peace (particularly through the United Nations), racial brotherhood, campus work, leadership training, and other Christian causes. This support—more than \$1 million a month in recent years—goes to hundreds of community centers, mission schools, homes, hospitals, and other institutions serving the impoverished of the inner city and such rural sections as Appalachia. There are 31,000 local Woman's Society units and 5,000 Wesleyan Service Guild chapters with a total membership of 1,730,000.

Still, this army of women seems restless and ready for more significant duty in the church and in society. They are tired of hearing that women are the beneficiaries of 80 percent of all life insurance policies (outliving their husbands an average of seven years); own 40 percent of all real estate, 50 percent of stock in industrial corporations; that they control 70 percent of the country's wealth, and spend 85 percent of the family income.

Old Image Handicaps: If this means anything, why are women consigned to second-class citizenship both in the workaday world and in their churches? The truth is that despite many advances, the American female continues to be handicapped by a traditional image as keeper of the hearth. Even women—and here lies one trouble—still see themselves as only housewives and mothers. One advocate of women's rights complains: "We laugh at 'Me Tarzan—you Jane' and yet we continue to accept soberly many 'big man-little woman' ideas when

they are presented a bit less crudely."

U.S. News & World Report observed recently that vast sums are being spent to promote full equality of the races in jobs and schools, but women seem to be falling even farther behind men in their share of professional and technical jobs and in educational attainment. Women are going to work in droves and represent one third of the labor force, but they are pushed into less skilled, less rewarded, and less rewarding fields. One feminist says, "Sex prejudice is the only prejudice now considered socially acceptable."

Women of other nations can't understand Americans' surprise that India elected a woman prime minister, and why the thought of a woman in the White House is laughable. Mrs. Joan Comay, architect, author, and wife of the Israeli ambassador to the United Nations, is amazed at the tiny number of women in the U.S. Congress (11 representatives; 2 senators), and in state and municipal governments.

Pawns in Church?: In the church, too, women seem to suffer pawn status. They struggle with male concepts and ways of doing and thinking. Talk about the emerging laity means, in most cases, laymen.

The secondary place accorded women in the church results from cultural encrustations on the faith, misuse of isolated Scripture passages, and faulty biological notions of medieval philosophers, who considered females, alas, malformed males. Even today, theologians must be reminded that God knows no gender; the He-God concept of the Judeo-Christian tradition is difficult to set aside. Didn't Jesus, the son of God the father, choose only men disciples? ("He didn't choose any Gentiles, either," answers one clergywoman.)

Mrs. Hannah Bonsey Suthers, writing in *The Christian Century*, says Christ gave woman a new stature, but the church in practice sells her short by a theology that claims women are "mysteriously different"; with marriage manuals picturing marriage and motherhood as an exclusive profession; with pastoral counseling that tries to "adjust" women to their "feminine" role; and by limiting their church work to "housekeeping-teaching-calling functions and omitting capable women in the policy-making, executive, and liturgical areas."

Women in Pulpit: About 80 American Protestant bodies ordain or license women to carry on the ministry. But there are probably no more than 5,000 active clergywomen in the United States, and fewer than 1,000 fully ordained women graduates of ac-

credited seminaries. Most of these settle for associate pastorates, Christian-education work, or struggling congregations no man will serve. Women find it far easier to enter foreign mission fields or to marry preachers than to wedge their way into an appointment as minister to a congregation.

Across the country, Methodism has around 250 ordained women, most of whom serve as preaching ministers. There was a stir in 1964 when the Rev. Jeanne Audrey Powers of the Minnesota Conference received 15 votes for bishop—the first Methodist woman so honored—at the North Central Jurisdictional Conference in Cleveland.

The attraction of social service such as the Peace Corps and secular careers has cut deeply into the number of women who might otherwise enter seminaries. At Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology, for example, less than 1 percent of the students are women.

Cracks in Doors: Despite all the doors closed to women, there are hopeful signs of change. Increasingly, church leaders recognize—as did the recent North American Conference on Church and Family Life, meeting at Hamilton, Ont.—that "a living church must work toward the development of a true community in which both sexes may contribute creatively to society."

Eve Merriam writes in *The Challenge to Women* (Basic Books, \$4.50) that "women are at last coming of age." She likens them to the heroine in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, written nearly a century ago. Nora rejects her husband's idea that first and foremost she is a wife and mother. "I believe that before all else I am a human being as much as you are," she tells him, "or at least that I should try to become one."

Women have been in the process of "becoming" ever since. A number of developments in the past year—like the WSCS anniversary—have focused attention on the controversial question of woman's place in the church. In Rome last October, 30 leading Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox women gathered for a discussion of common concerns. The churchwomen—among them Mrs. Porter Brown, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions—outlined concrete issues for study by women of all churches. Among the topics:

- The changing role of the married woman in full-time and part-time work in voluntary service, in light of home and family responsibilities.

- Opportunities for a woman once her children have "left the nest" and she is free to work outside the home.

- Woman's potential for service in

church policy-making and administration at every level, from the parish up.

- Woman's contributions to the development of theology.

"Mirror, mirror . . .": Methodist women's organizations have been undergoing a period of intensive self-study, too. Many societies and guilds, it develops, are not reaching out to unchurched women, the employed, widows, the troubled and unattractive, and those of other races.

Mrs. Glenn E. Laskey, of Ruston, La., Woman's Division president, says a cross section of membership is needed: "The older women for experience and spiritual depth, the younger for vision, enthusiasm, zeal, and creativity. We need to listen to the young women. I'm afraid we have told them too long what to do . . ."

A New York WSCS leader comments: "All too often the stewardship of our women is centered around money-making projects. Are we saying that Methodist women would rather give of their money than give of themselves?"

Dorothy McConnell, chief executive of the Woman's Division, says Methodist women must expect a certain loss of identity in the future. "We are not often going to be able to point to a program and say 'This is ours.'" She also stresses that women's groups must be prepared to accept leaders of different races, ages, and classes; listen to and respect Christians with differing social customs and mores; and learn to use power on great issues without trampling the rights of "little people."

The Next 25: Looking ahead to the next quarter century, Mrs. Laskey says that WSCS and WSG membership must stand ready to pioneer in response to new Christian imperatives: the ecumenical awakening, working toward an inclusive church, facing complex issues in the worldwide human rights revolution, the fight against poverty, and increased teamwork of Christian men and women. Mrs. Laskey also believes women increasingly will venture outside cloistered institutional structures to serve people in need more directly.

In mission and renewal, the hand that rocks the cradle may well hold the power to rock the very foundations of the church. □

Hymnal Shipments Begin

The new *Methodist Hymnal* was officially consecrated July 12 at The Methodist Publishing House in Nashville as shipments began.

Participating were retired Bishops Edwin E. Voigt and Nolan B. Har-



Stand where Joshua fought the Battle of Jericho

Listen. You can almost hear the trumpets that brought the walls of Jericho tumbling down. For thousands of years, time has stood still here. Today you can stroll through its most inspiring moments.

You are here in Jordan where Elisha made the bitter waters sweet. Where John the Baptist preached, and baptized Jesus. You can climb the Mount of Temptation, overlooking Jericho, where Satan tempted Jesus after His forty-day fast.

Nearby lies the Dead Sea where the earliest seeds of Christian literature were

planted. Old Jerusalem is just twenty-five minutes away.

Distances are small in Jordan, the Holy Land—and all of religious history is crowded here. Places you have read about are suddenly real: Bethlehem, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the hills of Gilead. Jordan is not so much a pilgrimage as an adventure of the soul.

At the same time, in a land of incredibly old cities such as Jericho, you will find first-class hotels, good restaurants, shopping, conveniences—and low prices.

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

mon, active Bishops Richard C. Raines, Lance Webb, and Roy H. Short; Publisher Lovick Pierce; and Hymnal Editor Carlton R. Young.

An unexpected avalanche of orders for the new hymnal, Methodism's first in 30 years, has been placed in recent months. Officials of Cokesbury, retail division of the Publishing House, report that some 11,000 orders for more than 2 million copies were in hand on June 1.

First printing plans were for 1 million copies, but presses will continue to roll until all orders are filled, and a reserve inventory printed for future orders.

Response to the new hymnal has been so overwhelming that Publishing House officials have been unable to predict specific delivery dates. They do give assurances, however, that orders are being handled in the sequence received. It is expected that many local churches which placed early orders will receive hymnals by year end.

Seek New Subscribers

On the 10th anniversary of Methodist General Conference action creating TOGETHER, four leaders who were instrumental in the 1956 decision met in Minneapolis to map plans for increasing the magazine's circulation in the Minnesota Area.

Pictured from left to right in the photograph below are Dr. Edward W. Foote, Rochester District superintendent; Dr. J. Otis Young, Methodist Publishing House associate publisher; Bishop T. Otto Nall of the Minnesota Area; and Fran H. Faber of Minneapolis, who heads the conference Committee on Publishing Interests.

With 22,000 subscribers, the Minnesota Area already ranks second highest (just behind the Dakotas Area) in ratio of subscribers to church members, and 90.7 percent of its congregations are on the TOGETHER Church Plan.

Viet Nam Teams Needed

Ten professional medical and social-welfare workers are being sought by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (MCOR) to form two

missionary teams for one to two years of service in war-weary Viet Nam.

The teams, consisting of a doctor, nurse, agriculturist, social worker, and community development specialist, will work among some 800,000 refugees displaced from their homes by war.

Dr. J. Harry Haines, MCOR general secretary, said the agency already is working through Vietnam Christian Service (VCS), a newly formed co-operative relief and refugee ministry of Church World Service, Lutheran World Service, and the Mennonite Central Committee. At least one Methodist, Linda Schulze, a former short-term missionary to Hong Kong, now is in Viet Nam assigned to VCS.

Reporting on his recent trip to Viet Nam, Dr. Haines predicted that "when the dust settles, the task of relief and rehabilitation will be greater than that which followed the Korean war." The Vietnamese people want to help themselves, he said, but they are very tired after 20 years of fighting in their land.

Endorse Canadian Merger

By a narrow margin, the Canada Conference of the Evangelical United Brethren Church has voted to merge with the United Church of Canada whether Methodists and EUBs in the United States unite or not.

Fifty-two percent of EUB delegates meeting at Milverton, Ont., favored union on this basis. In another vote, 56 percent approved union with the United Church if the proposed unification of EUBs and Methodists materializes in the U.S.

The Canadian merger hinges on the General Council of the United Church, meeting in September, and approval by the EUB General Conference. If approved, the union probably would be achieved next year. United Church leaders also will be considering a much larger merger with the Anglican Church of Canada.

The EUB Canada Conference has been interested in union with the United Church for several years. Merger talks with Methodists (now part of the United Church) date back to 1910. The EUB body includes about 10,000 members, 62 congregations, and 36 active ministers, mostly in southern Ontario.

'Yokings' in Minnesota

Some Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren congregations in Minnesota are not waiting for their denominations to forge formal union, which will be considered at simultaneous General Conferences in Chicago this November.

At least nine yokings were reported at the 111th annual session of the

Minnesota EUB Conference in St. Paul. Under the yoking arrangement, a minister assumes pastoral responsibility for churches of both denominations.

Dr. Paul A. Washburn, executive director of the EUB Commission on Church Union, told delegates that the proposed union with Methodists would affect the destiny of thousands of small congregations—saving manpower and money and making it possible to serve churches now struggling without pastors.

Meanwhile, Methodists and EUBs holding annual conference sessions in Minot, N.Dak., met jointly for several features of their programs.

Defy Rhodesia-Regime Order

American missionaries in Rhodesia, including Methodists, are reported to be refusing to comply with a law of the Ian Smith government that requires all non-African males between the ages of 17 and 60 to register.

The registration is regarded as a step toward possible military mobilization by the government which declared unilateral independence from Great Britain. The missionaries object to a questionnaire on which registrants must indicate experience in driving heavy vehicles, piloting aircraft, operating radio transmitters, and similar skills.

Religious News Service reported that Rhodesian Methodists had de-

New Congregations

At least two Methodist congregations—one in Florida, the other in California—organized on May 1, the first Sunday after the Methodist bicentennial observance, and claim to be the first "third-century Methodist churches in America." Each new congregation is listed with charter date, organizing pastor, and membership.

Shafter, Calif.—Shafter Methodist Church, May 1. Virgil W. Corrie; 130 members.

St. Petersburg, Fla.—Riviera Methodist Church, May 1. LeRoy Martin; 44 members.

Old Weldon, Ky.—Bethel Methodist Church, February 14. Donald Troutman; 47 members.

Christiansburg, Va.—Wesley Memorial Methodist Church, April 10. J. Burton Epperly; 30 members.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—Blackiston Methodist Church, April 17. C. J. Adams; 75 members.

Cherry Hill, N.J.—Old Orchards Methodist Church, April 17. Robert R. Marshall; 110 members.

New Methodist congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Board of Evangelism, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.



cided "as a church" that the 44 male American members should refuse to register. In all, 66 Methodist missionaries are there.

Failure to register carries a fine, but mission leaders speculate that foreign missionaries may be risking deportation from the country by defiance of the order. Both the Methodist and the United Church of Christ have had several missionaries expelled from Rhodesia as "prohibited immigrants." Methodist Bishop Ralph Dodge was deported on this basis in 1964.

One spokesman said "the missionaries regard the order as an illegal act by a usurper government." In the past, most mission workers have practiced "quiet nonirritation" toward the Smith regime in order to maintain work in schools, hospitals, and clinics.

Strike Church College Aid

In a landmark church-state relations case, a Maryland court has ruled unconstitutional state grants to three church-related colleges, one of them a Methodist school.

The case is expected to come before the U.S. Supreme Court sometime this fall for final determination.

The Maryland Court of Appeals, in a four to three decision, struck down a \$500,000 grant for a science wing and dining hall at Western Maryland College at Westminster, as well as state aid to Notre Dame and St. Joseph Colleges, both Catholic schools.

What mattered, said the court, was not the nonreligious nature of the proposed buildings but that the institutions were "sectarian" in form, administration, and community image. A fourth grant, to the United Church of Christ's Hood College, was upheld because of its loose denominational ties.

Concerning Western Maryland, the opinion stated that "one more than one third of the members of the governing board are required by its charter to be Methodist ministers, so as to give the clergy the veto power over any change inimical to the interests of the church. . . . The board is heavily Methodist, and nearly all Protestant. . . . All the presidents have been Methodist ministers. . . . We reach the conclusion that it is sectarian under the First Amendment" of the U.S. Constitution.

DePauw Trustees Resign

Three members of DePauw University's board of trustees, all prominent Methodist laymen, resigned as the board decided to "participate selectively" in the federal aid-to-education program.

Methodist-related DePauw seeks \$1.3 million in federal funds to help

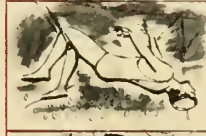
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this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

THE AMOUNT of labor involved in production on one network television program is impressive. The average viewer, settled comfortably in his living room, quite easily takes it all for granted. This month I thought we might take an inside look at how one program came to be.

Look Up and Live is a CBS-TV network religious program produced six months each year in consultation with the National Council of Churches. It is aired at 10:30 a.m. EDT on Sundays.

As programs go, *Look Up and Live* is one of the lowest in budget and priority on its network, but last year *The New York Times* referred to it as "significance on a small budget." This summer, between July 17 and August 21, the program is doing a series on the church's utilization of drama for communication. This series, called *Games of God*, is the result of planning by a committee representing several co-operating denominations (including Methodist), the NCC's Broadcasting and Film Commission, and the CBS staff.

Responsibility for the series was placed in the hands of a CBS producer and an NCC consultant. They in turn consulted with some of the leaders in the field, and a writer was sent to the National Religious Drama Seminar a year ago for research purposes.

By fall, 1965, the series was fairly well outlined. One goal was to show a church drama group in a small industrial city. Being unable to find such a group in the United States, the planners chose the Trinity Church players of Kitchener, Ontario.

This spring, on April 20, a director, producer, writer, and an assistant arrived in Kitchener from New York to initiate the rehearsals and the process which would lead to actual taping of the program. On April 22, an engineer from CBS and the NCC consultant arrived. Meanwhile six Trinity players were rehearsing strenuously.

As soon as the worship service at Trinity Church ended on Sunday, April 24, a television crew moved in. Lights were installed, electric cables strung, television

cameras and sound booms positioned, and a "remote" truck parked outside. That evening several hundred persons gathered to view *Coffeehouse*, and to participate in a discussion following the drama. What occurred was video-taped with the help of three cameramen, two sound men, one floor director, one electrician, one video man, one audio man, one technical director, plus the six people from New York City.

Since that evening, tape editors, secretaries, the writer, producer, director, and others have all been at work to prepare a finely edited show to put on the air. It will be seen Sunday morning, August 14, and if you are one of its viewers, I hope you will not simply take it for granted.

Television which calls for considerable efforts from talented people is too often devoted to trivial subjects.

Some of the following subjects are more significant:

July 17, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Middle Ages* (rerun).

July 20, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Siberia: A Day in Irkutsk*. Almost a year in the making, the program details 24 hours in a Siberian city.

July 24, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Congress Needs Help* (rerun).

July 31, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Big Ear* (rerun).

August 7, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Congo: Victim of Independence* (rerun).

August 14, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—*River Nile* (rerun). □

build a \$4 million science building on its Greencastle, Ind., campus. The move was an about-face since DePauw long has opposed the use of federal funds for church-related schools—one of the few Methodist-related institutions to take the position.

Resigning were W. D. Maxwell, editor of *The Chicago Tribune*; Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher of the *Indianapolis Star and News*; and Ernest M. Sims, retired industrialist of Elkhart, Ind. All said they opposed the principle of federal aid to education and could not conscientiously serve on a board which solicited such funds.

Launch Columbia Project

Five Protestant denominations, including Methodism, have launched a unique ecumenical venture by forming a church development corporation

for Columbia, Md., the new planned city taking shape between Baltimore and Washington, D.C.

Formation of the Columbia Religious Facilities Corporation grew out of a two-year pilot project engineered by the Division of Christian Life and Mission of the National Council of Churches and the Maryland Council of Churches.

Columbia is expected to have 150,000 inhabitants by 1980 and religious buildings are to be erected according to the community's needs.

John E. Morse, one of the incorporators and NCC executive, said it was "the first time in Protestant history that major denominations have pooled their church building financial resources for such a broadly scaled and comprehensive plan of ecumenical co-operation."

The Methodist Board of Missions has contributed to the corporation's

\$1,050,000 fund, to be loaned as needed to provide church facilities in Columbia's first village.

Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., has been one of the project's strongest supporters. Dr. E. Cranston Riggins, Baltimore Conference missions and church extension executive, was one of nine churchmen recently elected to the Congress of the Columbia Co-operative Ministry, an interchurch policy-making group.

Ask No Lottery Vote

Reconsideration of a lottery amendment passed in February by the New York Legislature has been asked by a resolution voted at the annual session of the Northern New York Annual Conference in New Hartford, N.Y.

In 1965 and 1966, state lawmakers passed legislation which will put the

question of a legalized lottery before the voters on November 8. The Methodist statement asked the legislature to reconsider its action.

Another resolution emphasized that delegates of the Northern New York Conference who will attend the General Conference in November should realize that the conference strongly affirms the desire that there be a new church, "The United Methodist Church," formed from the Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren denominations.

Catholic WMC Observers

Two official Roman Catholic observers to the quinquennial meeting of the World Methodist Council in London, August 18-26, have been named by the Vatican Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity.

They are Daniel Meaney of Corpus Christi, Texas, lay official of the National Council of Catholic Men in the U.S.; and Canon Anthony Hulme, rural dean of the Bedford Catholic diocese in England.

Urban Centers in Utah

Crossroads Urban Center, a major new Methodist city-mission project, opened July 1 in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the former Esther Hall, a Methodist residence for young women which closed in January after 51 years of service.

The center's initial aim is to serve disadvantaged youth, but plans are to develop its program to help the alcoholic, the potential suicide, and others facing crises. The center is non-sectarian in service and will work closely with inner-city churches according to its director, the Rev. Mason M. Willis, pastor of Methodist churches in Hawaii for 11 years.

Crossroads Urban Center is the second home-mission project to be launched by Methodism in Utah this year. In February, the new Family Counseling Service was opened in Ogden to help meet needs for marriage counseling, youth problems, and parent-child relationships. Its director is Brent Baddley, a professional social worker and supervisor.

The Ogden project, like the one in Salt Lake City, is supported financially by gifts of the Woman's Society of Christian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild. Both also will receive support from local churches and community agencies.

Recruit Missionary Couples

Young married couples will be accepted for special-term missionary service under a liberalized new policy announced by the Methodist Board of Missions.

The board will be recruiting young

couples, as well as single men and women, both as 3s (special-term missionaries overseas for three years) and as US-2s (to serve in the United States for two years).

The policy change was prompted by the number of voluntary service agencies—such as the Peace Corps, VISTA, and other denominations—that now use young marrieds in their work.

Board officials emphasized that the intent of the revised policy is not to lower the standards for special-term service, and that both husband and wife must meet qualifications.

Support EUB Union

The North-East Ohio Conference Commission on Ecumenical Affairs has added its endorsement to the proposed Plan of Union for The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches.

The commission commended the efforts of the committee responsible for preparing the union plan and suggested implementation of full union in 8 instead of the planned 12 years. The statement contrasted with a critical position taken earlier this year by a similar commission of the Ohio Conference [see *A Vote of Confidence—And Open Opposition*, May, page 3].

The North-East Ohio resolution nevertheless admitted the existence of certain union problems: Methodism's ties overseas, office and tenure of bishops, the method of appointment of district superintendents, side-by-side creedal and social statements in

CENTURY CLUB

Members of Colfax (Calif.) Community Methodist Church always look forward to hearing Thomas Dayton sing solos as he accompanies himself on the piano. Mr. Dayton's baritone is still strong and sure although he recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Joining the Century Club with him this month are:

Mrs. Silas Cobbs, 100, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

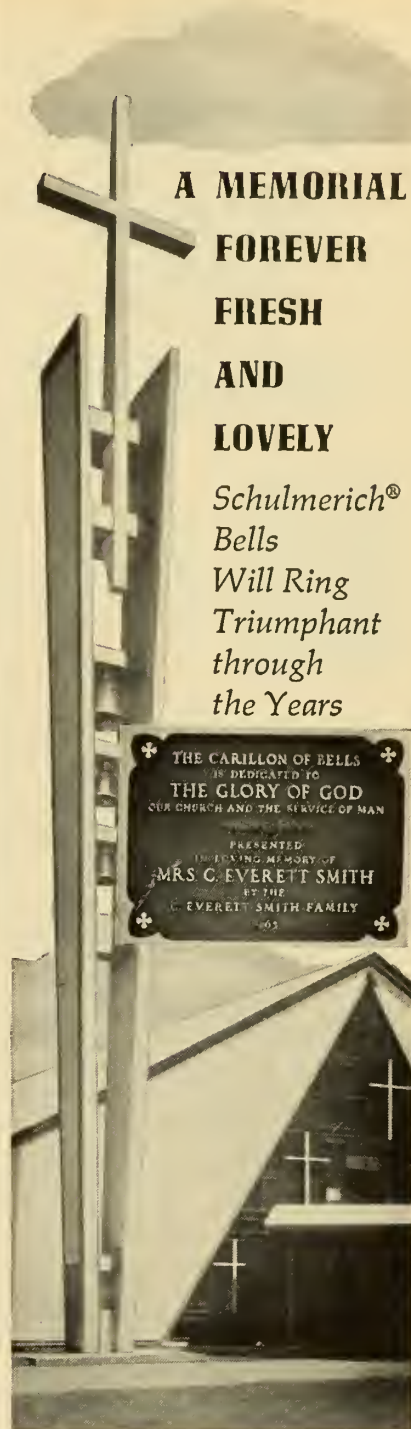
Mrs. Alice Conkle, 100, Long Beach, Calif.

Miss Victoria Davis, 103, Orlando, Fla.

Charles H. Justice, 100, Tulsa, Okla.

Mrs. Hattie E. Verhulst, 100, Evergreen Park, Ill.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.



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the proposed united church *Discipline* rather than a new statement of faith, the practical matters of pensions, different ministerial standards, minimum salaries, and the support of institutions. Also mentioned was "the specter of a larger denomination 'swallowing up' a smaller one," with little renewal of either.

The statement expressed confidence, however, that such issues will be met "squarely before, during, and after [1966] General Conference." It also said union with the EUBs need not hamper Methodist involvement in the larger Consultation on Church Union and other ecumenical ventures.

Carolina Men Expand Aid

The support of 440 Methodist Men clubs has been enlisted to extend the Blue Ridge Methodist Service Program to assist poverty-stricken families across the 44 western counties of North Carolina.

Since its inception in 1962, the Blue Ridge project has been the chief source of clothing and shoes for 1,200 families in eight counties.

Now the Board of Lay Activities of the Western North Carolina Conference officially has taken over the non-profit project, and 16,000 Methodist Men will help support it.

The expanded program is expected to reach hidden pockets of poverty in the next few years, providing the needy with clothing and shoes as well as emergency food and medicine.

Encyclopedia Deadline Set

September is the final month to submit material to the *Encyclopedia of World Methodism*, the editor, retired

Bishop Nolan B. Harmon of Atlanta, has announced.

Material is being received from branches of Methodism all over the world, but the editor said some annual conferences have not responded. The first encyclopedia undertaken by worldwide Methodism, it is being sponsored by the World Methodist Council and associated Methodist historical societies of the world.

Bishop Harmon said he wants terse, factual, interesting articles about historic Methodist churches, shrines, records and development of all annual conferences, important persons, and other pertinent items.

Persons wishing to contribute material for the encyclopedia may write Bishop Harmon at 998 Springdale Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30306.

'Mission to America'

A second phase of the 1966 Methodist *Mission to America* will bring 16 Christian leaders from 13 countries to the United States for preaching, teaching, and visitation September 11 to December 9.

India will send four missionaries and one representative each will come from Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Hong Kong, Korea, Liberia, Malaya, Mozambique, Mexico, Okinawa, the Philippines, and Rhodesia.

Missioners, including ministers and lay men and women, will be scheduled for engagements of six to eight days each in Methodist churches and districts across the nation.

The first phase of *Mission to America* brought 30 British Methodist ministers to preach in various parts of the U.S. this spring.

Methodists in the News

Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, retired bishop of the Missouri Area, and Mrs. Modena McPherson Rudisill of Duluth, Ga., were married in Salem Methodist Church near St. Louis.

Queen of the Indianapolis "500" Festival was Miss Sue Helen Harrison, Dunkirk, Ind. She is a student at Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

Prof. Albert C. Outler of Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology was honored as Methodist of the Year by *World Outlook* magazine at the biennial assembly of the Woman's Society of Christian Service in Portland, Oreg.

One of Washington, D.C.'s newest bridges has been dedicated to the memory of the late U.S. Sen. Francis Case of South Dakota. Two South Dakota Methodist laymen, Sens. Karl

E. Mundt and George McGovern, took part in the ceremony.

Miss Clara Howard, Kathleen, Ga., returned to Seoul, Korea, to receive an honorary degree from Ewha Woman's University in recognition of 41 years as a missionary-teacher there.

Dr. Burton W. Marvin, Methodist layman who was dean of William Allen White School of journalism at the University of Kansas, is the new associate general secretary of communications of the National Council of Churches in New York City.

Prominent Methodist lay leader Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, dean emeritus of American University's school of international service, Washington, D.C., will lecture in Japan next year under a cultural exchange grant awarded by the U.S. Department of state.

Pandora's Box—Under All That Chrome

SAFETY CRUSADER Ralph Nader's eyeball-to-eyeball encounter with the automobile industry has all the hero appeal of the legendary battle between Saint George and the dragon. In fact, it is no problem at all to fit the principals in the current controversy into the story line of that medieval morality tale: the fearless and solitary warrior (Nader) fells the beast (the auto industry) with his magic sword (facts and figures on auto accidents) and saves the princess (the public) from needless sacrifice of life (death on the highway).

But there are differences. All along we thought the beast was tame, that we controlled it. If it had become something of a sacred cow, we made it a deity. So Ralph Nader and others who share his concerns are doubly audacious: they attack that sacred cow and its breeders, but they also attack us who feed it, who worship the cult of the car. Most of us want two or three new cars in our garage; we want a soft ride (which, the way most car suspensions are designed, means less control); we insist on high horsepower to make a car go without considering whether the brakes are adequate to make it stop; we buy on the basis of styling that emphasizes sharp edges and wheel spinners and rows of shiny metal knobs—all of which have maximum penetration qualities on the human body. Much as we may deplore the grim but comfortably impersonal highway death tolls, we continue to put our money where the danger is—thinking that surely it won't happen to *me*. This very sophisticated way of voting for suicide illustrates the old truth that the cold, hard facts alone can't change what we *want* to believe.

Still, safer cars can be built, and the car-makers long have known just how to build them. We have to buy them, of course, or the effort is for naught—but the process must start with the industry itself. If it exercises responsibility commensurate with its vast power, it will sell us, the buying public, on these items. Surely if we can be sold on stereo-tape players and whitewall tires and vinyl-covered roofs, the admen also can win us over to safety features (most far less expensive) that may mean the difference between life and death.

Designing safer cars, however, is only one aspect of a much larger question: What human values do automobiles serve? And beyond that, still another: Who is in charge here, the man or the machine?

Consider some of the other things—beyond jobs and ego satisfaction—for which the automobile should be given at least partial credit:

- Cities slowly being strangled by chronic clogging of the transportation arteries, learning too late that building still more freeways only attracts more traffic and increases the problem.
- Diverting attention from comprehensive mass public transportation systems which alone can keep pace with population and urban growth. The system now again in process for San Francisco was defeated 20 years ago by those who thought the motor-car could handle anything.
- Air pollution.
- The steady erosion of living space and aesthetic

values in favor of highways and parking space. Sterile high-rise apartments are too often memorial markers for whole neighborhoods bulldozed flat for still another freeway. And everywhere historic landmarks are falling under the wrecking ball to be replaced by parking garages—which show a neat profit.

- Regimented travel. Automobiles were supposed to give us freedom and adventure. Today, thousands of miles of superhighway allow speedy and comfortable travel . . . to the same places everyone else is going. On a long trip, the automobile becomes almost a mobile prison; we seal ourselves in and follow a predetermined course to our destination. "No stopping except for emergency." "Minimum speed 50." "Next exit 42 miles." No wonder the trip rarely is enjoyable; more often it creates boredom, disappointment, and frustration.

- Antiseptic scenery. We used to drive out into the country to see the natural world. Today, roadsides of major highways are either: (a) so cluttered with billboards, gas stations, hamburger stands, freak animal exhibits, and fudge and souvenir shops that we can see nothing else, or (b) so stripped of trees, bushes, phone poles, and anything but large green signs with white reflector letters that one feels he is threading the thin white line in a no-man's land.

- Auto graveyards, better called junkyards. Is any sight sadder, more disfiguring?

- Poor stewardship. Automobiles consume vast sums that could be helping to alleviate desperate human problems. Consider the roughly \$700 of what you paid for your new car that went just for making it look different from last year's model. Is this a proper sense of values in a world where millions subsist on incomes of less than \$30 a year? Couldn't we get by somehow with fewer than the 140 body styles and 843 trim combinations one auto-maker offered a couple of years ago?

This is the larger context into which the current auto safety discussion fits. As Lewis Mumford notes:

" . . . the misdemeanors of the motor-car manufacturers are significant not because they are exceptional, but because they are typical. . . .

"The insolence of the Detroit chariot-makers and the masochistic submissiveness of the American consumer are symptoms of a larger disorder . . . a society made in the image of machines, by machines, for machines; a society in which any form of delinquency or criminality may be practiced, from meretriciously designed motorcars or insufficiently tested wonder drugs to the wholesale distribution of narcotics and printed pornography, provided that the profits sufficiently justify their exploitation."

We cannot abolish the automobile or go back to 1900 and try it all over again. But now that the subject is prominently before us, now that the pent-up frustrations many have felt for years finally have surfaced around a particular issue, let's do make it clear that human values come first. For it is precisely this point that we will be called on to reiterate again and again in the years ahead: that the machine serves man, not the other way around.

—YOUR EDITORS



The exchange begins as the Harrises arrive in San Diego.



Our home at Poulton-le-Fylde was this comfortable "manse."



After Greg got cricket lessons, he taught British lads baseball.



We had not expected so fresh a design for the Poulton church.



Stan auditions "The Raiders," who played at a youth service.



At Lake Windemere on an outing with the Church's youth group.

Long-Range Exchange

Wherein the Smiths of San Diego and the Harrises of Poulton-le-Fylde, England, explode some myths, shatter a few stereotypes, and help strengthen church ties across continents.

By RUTH ANN SMITH

EIGHT people were gathered for a barbecue on the patio of our San Diego parsonage. Present, in addition to my husband and me and our three teen-agers, were our British guests: the Rev. John Harris, his wife, Ann, and their six-year-old son, David.

We had decided to treat our new friends to an American barbecue—an event that might better have been described as their initiation into one of the American tribal customs. But the Harrises were good sports, and we were brash enough to offer John a barbecue fork, in

case he wanted to roast his own wiener. He seized the fork dramatically, hoisted it aloft, and proclaimed in resonant tones, "Rule, Britannia!"

The gesture might have seemed a touching bit of patriotism, but for the twinkle in John's eye. As it

was, he had to fish out a British penny and show us the image of Britannia holding her trident before we got the point.

Less than 48 hours earlier, we had watched their plane touch down, bringing to San Diego our English counterparts in a World Methodist Council pulpit exchange. In another 48 hours, we Smiths were on another plane bound for England and Poulton-le-Fylde, home to the Harris.

One thing we decided, before we went abroad: we expected to share our impressions upon our return, but we were *not* going to join the excursion experts who know the soul of a people after three days.

Our plane landed in Glasgow on a cool but bright Saturday morning. The next day we went to the railroad station for the last leg of our trip to Poulton. As the train wound south through bleak industrial centers and patchwork, emerald hillsides, misty clouds began playing tag with the sun. Soon after we were installed in the "manse" (parsonage) in Poulton, it began to rain.

From that first day on, we were alternately congratulated for having ended a drouth and blamed for "this shocking weather . . . the worst summer in years." Anyway, the weather was what we had expected, thanks to well-traveled friends who had warned us. We were armed with the "macs"—light-weight raincoats—which amount almost to native dress in England. And we often enjoyed a bit of fire in the breakfast room fireplace to warm people and dry clothes. But if the weather was on the cool side, our welcome was not.

Poulton-le-Fylde, near Blackpool, is described in guidebooks as a growing village of about 15,000 inhabitants, but with a town center where old-world charm is maintained. The old stocks, once used for punishment, still stand there. (John Harris slyly describes them as a handy place to put obstreperous trustees.)

The square is dominated by the stolid, impressive Church of England edifice and the centuries-old churchyard. Not in sight, but not far from the square, is the Poulton-le-Fylde Methodist Church, brand

new and architecturally adventuresome. It was consecrated on New Year's Day, 1965.

John Wesley's effective use of laymen is still in evidence in England. All Methodist churches, we learned, are on a circuit. The available ministers on a circuit preach in all the churches in rotation, but cannot be in each church every Sunday. So local (lay) preachers are used, a la Wesley, to complete the preaching schedule.

Mr. Harris is pastor not only of the Poulton church but of Salem Methodist Church at Layton on the east edge of Blackpool, about three miles away. My husband, Stan, took Mr. Harris's place in these two churches, and on the circuit. In addition to the Sunday morning and evening preaching assignments, he followed Mr. Harris's summertime custom of holding a 9:15 morning service at Windy Harbor caravan (house-trailer) park. This is in the true Wesley tradition of going to the people where they are (during the rest of the week, the Sunday meeting place is a barroom!).

There was to be a big youth social at church the evening of our arrival, and the Smith teenagers lost no time getting acquainted with the British young people. The church was within walking distance of the manse, but Stan decided he would have to start driving British style sometime, and set off bravely with Rosalie, Greg, and Ann.

Stan's tribulations in starting the Harris car, backing it out and driving it, using a floor gear shift with his left hand and remembering to drive on the left side of the street—all in the rain—was something to behold. The directions sounded very simple, but Stan and the children had seen all Poulton and a little bit of Blackpool before they finally found the church. It was only a prelude of things to come. Subsequently, in our rented car, we were lost in Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Zurich, and Paris.

When you travel 6,000 miles to learn about a country, its people,

Californians at "home" in England: The Smith-Harris exchange involved families as well as Methodist pulpits.

and its churches, there is no point in sitting at home, and we did not—our English friends saw to that.

We had invitations for morning coffee, noon dinner, early supper, late supper, "high" tea, and "low" tea. Even six weeks is not long enough to figure out the British system of meals, and who eats what, when. We got the impression they eat all the time, but this could not possibly be true. Few appear to be overweight.

British food is really quite similar to ours, the main difference being that Americans enjoy the food of many other countries in addition to our British culinary heritage and our own concoctions. The youngsters wanted to know one day, "Can't you fix us some good old American hamburgers?" By trial and error, we found that you can make a hamburger by buying "minced meat" from the butcher and "balm cakes" from the baker.

We felt very smug about our ingenuity until later, in Amsterdam, we confidently ordered minced meat sandwiches. When our plates came, the minced meat was raw! Not even our wide experience with that good old American church standby, the potluck supper, had prepared us for this!

Myths about the British and their tea and Americans and their coffee were exploded simultaneous-



ly in Pacific Beach and Poulton-le-Fylde. John and Ann Harris often drank coffee, while across the waters people seemed delighted that the Smiths enjoyed tea.

Once following the noon dinner of a service club in a hotel, a waitress asked Stan if he would have coffee. "If I may, I'd prefer tea," he replied.

The poor girl paled, said she would see what she could do, and returned with a cup of hot water and a tea bag. A coffee-drinking chap next to Stan sputtered, "I say, how did you manage that? I'd rather have tea myself!"

When adult activities conflicted with youth meetings, we encouraged Rosalie, Greg, and Ann to do things with friends nearer their own age. Members of the youth groups in Poulton took our three into their fellowship instantly and completely. They learned much about British teen-agers, made the acquaintance of some hymns that were new to them, and even got in a little practice at soccer and cricket. In return, Greg located a softball bat and organized an American baseball game.

ONE Sunday evening, Ann and Rosalie, with an assist from their father, led the Poulton youth in a discussion of the teen-ager's role in the United States, particularly in the church. Meanwhile, back at the manse, I was mixing pizza dough for a post-discussion party. The fact that we all parted friends that evening, after what was probably the craziest repast the English youth had ever had, bears testimony to the flexibility of youth.

We had warned them they would get American-type snacks. We fed them pizza hot from the oven, cheese dips and potato "crisps" ("chips" are French fries over there), small tuna sandwiches, and peanut-butter cookies (yes, you *can* buy peanut butter in England). The beverage was fruit punch . . . no tea!

When the young people had finished eating, they piled into the living room (lounge, they call it) and started singing hymns. There was not much of Sunday left when their adult sponsor said firmly, "The

next hymn is positively the last!"

Mr. Harris's Austin—designed, according to Greg, for 3½ people—held the 5 of us for jaunts around Poulton and Blackpool, but we would not have managed to see much of the countryside on our own. The people of the two churches teamed up to take us to many interesting places. We saw the magnificent Lake District and Morecambe Bay, the Yorkshire dales (especially appealing to me, since my parents were Yorkshiremen), Lancaster, Chester, and Warton, where some of George Washington's ancestors once lived.

A congregation must have a spirit of adventure and worldwide concern to want to participate in a pulpit exchange. In this respect our Pacific Beach Methodists qualified.

Special interest in the exchange came from two laymen in the church. Henry Frankland, a British-born U.S. citizen, remembers the deep impression a visiting American minister made on his life when he was a young man in England. John Webster, a research psychologist, had spent a year in Cambridge on a study grant, taking his wife and family with him.

These two, along with some whose work or military service had stationed them abroad, found the plans exciting from the start. The Rev. Harry R. Ulmer, associate pastor, and his wife, Delores, helped make the Harris's stay in California profitable and enjoyable.

Focusing on the actual six weeks of the exchange is like seeing only the middle act of a play. Much preparation (and dozens of airmail letters!) goes on between pastors, between pastors and laymen, between laymen and laymen. For example, someone raised the question: "What if we can't understand him?" Taped greetings by the two ministers reassured each congregation that this was no problem.

And where does it end? Apparently there is no ending. Letters continue to go back and forth. Poulton people record one of their after-service hymn sings for us—and the Youth Club adds a little Beate music as a bonus. On one of his scientific jaunts, John Webster arranges to visit the Harris. Pacific Beach's fourth annual *Seven*

Lessons, Seven Carols, an adaptation of a British Advent service, has the added dimension of a taped message from John Harris and a carol arranged by him. A theological student from Blackpool, on a year's study grant in the U.S., spends the Christmas holidays with the Smiths. The Pacific Beach social-concerns commission, learning that they fly the stars and stripes at Warton on July 4, arranges to replace their 48-star flag with the current 50-star edition. And so on, and on!

ON THAT July day in our patio when John Harris gave us a closer look at an English penny, we set an American penny beside it for comparison. At six, David was already reading very well, and he managed to decipher the motto "In God We Trust" on the American coin. Turning to his father, David demanded, "Daddy, do we trust in God in England?"

During our stay in England—six weeks with six months of activity packed into it—we met many people who do indeed trust in God. Furthermore, they are making their Christian faith meaningful in their daily contacts, as well as in their support of their churches.

What does the pulpit-exchange idea have to contribute at this point? In these critical days, anything that makes the world community seem nearer and our Christian contacts wider and more effective is a step in the right direction.

In such an experience, you learn that even words have significantly different meanings to different people. Stereotypes are shattered. A man, representing Christian people several thousand miles away on foreign soil, crosses the ocean in one direction or the other to proclaim his beliefs. He may speak no new truths, but, because of his effort, what he preaches may come to his hearers with freshness and new relevance.

Today, Pacific Beach Methodist Church in San Diego has ties of brotherhood with Poulton-le-Fylde, 6,000 miles away. Thanks to the World Methodist Council's pulpit-exchange plan, they are very close ties, indeed. □

EXISTENTIALISM: A Philosophy for Modern Man

By JAMES C. DARBY

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Chicago, Illinois

Existentialism has become the dominant type of philosophy of our age—and its influence still is spreading. It is a way of thinking that speaks to a modern man's discontents, his loneliness, his alienation from God and other men. Taking a serious attitude toward life, existentialism is forcing people to be honest with themselves, and may be driving some to a confrontation with biblical faith.

MY FRIEND is dissatisfied with his work, and his wife feels lonely and neglected. Their children are bored and unhappy. Far from being an isolated example, this family has become all too typical.

Every week brings a minister into contact with persons who are discontented with life or have feelings of empty futility. Some are gripped by a strange sense of alienation and loneliness.

Today, especially in urban society, many persons are no longer free. They seek ways to rebel against monotony and mediocrity. Deep within them is a cry for meaning, but too many hear only an empty echo of this cry.

Existentialism is a way of looking at life that speaks precisely to this situation. In recent years, this approach to philosophy has been recognized as an expression of the deep needs and aspirations of modern man. It has become, in fact, the dominant type of philosophy of our age.

It is not easy to say just what existentialism is. Some say that anyone who can define existentialism does not really understand it. One man courageous enough to take the risk was Professor Carl Michalson of Drew University, tragically lost in a plane crash late in 1965.

He said that existentialism is "a way of life which involves one's total self in an attitude of complete seriousness about himself."

Dr. Paul J. Tillich, world-renowned theologian who also died in late 1965, defined existentialism as a universal element in all thinking. It is the attempt of man, he said, "to describe his existence and its conflicts, the origin of these conflicts, and the anticipation of overcoming them."

A Stance Toward Life

Simply speaking, existentialism is a serious attitude toward life which demands that we face up to all its realities—both good and bad—in society and within ourselves. It is a call for us to face honestly life's suffering, its anxiety, its guilt, and its meaninglessness, as well as its pleasant aspects.

Existentialism calls the individual to responsibility in a world which tends more and more to submerge him in the masses. Thus you have the essence of one of the most important living philosophies of our time and one that has influenced contemporary theology.

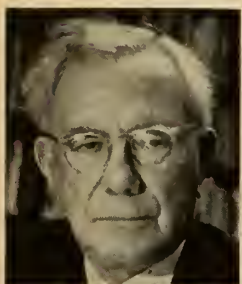
A number of important philosophers heralded the advent of the existentialist way of thinking. But the



Søren A. Kierkegaard, lonely and enigmatic Danish philosopher and writer, died in 1855 at the age of 42. More than 100 years later, he is considered father of modern existentialism. He attacked the church of his day for its sham and hypocrisy, but always tried to turn his readers in the direction of Christianity.



Jean-Paul Sartre is today's chief advocate of atheistic existentialism. The philosopher-novelist was a World War II leader in the French Underground. In 1964 he won, but then declined on grounds of integrity, the Nobel Prize for Literature. His stance is that God is dead and man is left alone in the vast universe.



Paul J. Tillich, who died last year at 79, had taught in the United States since dismissal in 1933 from a teaching post in Germany because of his political views. A leader in interpreting Christian faith existentially, he developed a theology to help modern man deal with his anxieties about guilt, death, and meaninglessness.



Carl Michalson, a Methodist minister and professor at Drew Theological School until his tragic death last fall, saw in some of the existentialists a special pertinence for Christian faith. A selection of their thought appears in the thoughtful and provocative book *Christianity and the Existentialists*, which he edited in 1956.

father of modern existentialism was Søren Kierkegaard, a lonely, enigmatic Danish writer who lived from 1813 to 1855. With brilliant mind and scintillating wit, he challenged the dominant philosophy of his day. More than any other person, he raised the questions and gave many of the answers with which modern philosophy and theology are concerned.

Characteristic of the existentialist, much of Kierkegaard's writings relate to his own personal problems. Plagued by the belief that his own father had been unfaithful to his marriage vows and had in a moment of despair cursed God, Kierkegaard became preoccupied with the themes of sin, anxiety, and guilt. He thought that a dark curse lingered oppressively over his entire family.

Deeply in love with Regina Olsen, Kierkegaard nevertheless broke their engagement lest his melancholy and brooding temperament destroy her. His loss of Regina served as a theme for much of his writing, and her love and memory haunted him throughout his life. At his death he willed Regina his literary

works even though for many years she had been married to another man.

Kierkegaard's writings were a kind of analysis of himself. Today, we marvel at his psychological insights, learned by looking deep within his own soul. He thought of truth, not as a mere system of thought, but as related to one's own involvement in life.

Kierkegaard Attacks the Church

Just before his death at the age of 42, Kierkegaard in his writings attacked the church in Denmark. But he was not antagonistic to Christianity. Attempting to set forth what the Christian faith really is, his thesis was that Christianity simply did not exist in the church of his day.

Even a hundred years later, *The Attack Upon Christendom* is disturbing—not because it is wrong but because Kierkegaard was so devastatingly correct. He exposed the sham and hypocrisy which characterizes the church in every age, and he called it to confession and repentance.

Kierkegaard rebelled against all thought systems—notably the Hegelian system of his day—and proclaimed that "truth is subjectivity." He meant that truth is significant and valid only as it is related to a person's individual situation.

With his psychological insights, Kierkegaard offers an amazing analysis of the aesthetic, ethical, and religious stages of life. Modern theologians and philosophers are indebted to him for insights into the concepts of dread, anxiety, and despair. He demanded that Christians take Christianity seriously, that they renounce the world's prestige and pleasures in order to follow a Christ who promised only suffering and a cross.

Kierkegaard still speaks today through his written works, and he exerts a tremendous influence on Christian philosophers. A school of existentialist theology has developed in the 20th century which includes theologians Rudolf Bultmann, and the late Paul Tillich, Nicholas Berdyaev, and Martin Buber. The thought of these men includes wide divergencies, but each one stands in the mainstream of existentialism.

The Atheistic Thinkers

Sharply contrasted with Christian thinkers are the atheistic existentialists like Sartre, Camus, and Heidegger. Jean-Paul Sartre is perhaps the best representative of this group. A sophisticated Frenchman, Sartre is a romantic figure. Well known to Paris night life, he has become a legend to many Bohemian-style existentialists.

During World War II, Sartre was a leading figure in the French Underground, and his experiences with the resistance movement serve as background for much of his popular writing. He also possesses one of the most brilliant intellects of our day.

Sartre has poured forth his ideas in a prolific outburst of plays, novels, essays, and philosophical works. It is unfortunate that some people know only a little about existentialism through reading some of Sartre's more popular works. Many are repelled by his excessive vulgarity and blatant atheism.

Sartre says, "Existentialism is nothing else than an attempt to draw all the consequences of a coherent atheistic position." Yet, embedded in his work is a serious message for facing up to everyday life. The main tenets are summarized in his book *Existentialism and Human Emotions* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1957).

First of all, Sartre says, "God is dead." And with God out of the picture, man is left alone, living in a universe without values and without meaning. Man is left alone to create his own values and his own destiny. "Man is nothing else but what he makes of himself."

There is no human nature, says Sartre. We can only begin with a single individual in his concrete situation. We cannot begin with a preconceived nature to which this man must conform. "Man makes himself. He is not ready-made at the start." Thus no universal principles can be applied to man.

A man is responsible for his own ethical life, Sartre contends. He has no God-given code of ethics and morality, but this does not free him from moral values. He must create and live by his own values. Sartre claims that every man has the responsibility of asking himself the question, "Am I really the kind of man who has the right to act in such a way that humanity might guide itself by my actions?"

Further, a man is not only responsible for his own actions but also has a direct responsibility for the actions of his fellowman. It is here that the Christian should take note. If Sartre, who has no God, can assume such a burden of responsibility, is it not our responsibility as Christians to go even further?

Finally, Sartre insists that man is "condemned to be free." This does not mean that he finds fault with freedom for he is an ardent apostle of it. But it is this awful responsibility for one's entire being that leads him to voice such a phrase. He observes, "I carry the weight of the world by myself alone without anything or any person being able to lighten it."

Thus we see the contrasting views of the Christian existentialism of Kierkegaard and the atheistic existentialism of Sartre. It has been said that Kierkegaard's severe Christian standards have driven many Christians to atheism, but Sartre's bleak and lonely atheism has driven many atheists to Christianity.

Lessons for Christians

Existentialism has its faults, and there is in it much to reject, but it deals with some of life's deeper realities.

First, existentialism is a search for meaning. All men need a purpose in life. The existentialist serves the Christian in pointing out this need and in arousing dissatisfaction with an empty and meaningless life.

Christian faith is concerned with man's search for meaning, too, and points to the redemptive power of God revealed in Jesus. It lifts man into a high and holy relationship with God. Its fellowship gives ultimate significance and meaning to life. Existentialism shows the need and drives us to Christ.

Second, existentialism calls us to face up to the realities of life. It deals with the somber themes of anxiety, death, loss of selfhood, man's alienation and

estrangement, and the absence of God. Such themes are difficult to face in a culture oriented to want "happy stories about happy people with happy problems."

The existentialist replies, "We do not create these dark conditions of which we speak; we only report what we see. We ask men to face these problems only in order that they may overcome them." As William Barrett observes, "People do die, people do struggle all their lives between the demands of real and counterfeit selves, and we do live in an age in which neurotic anxiety has mounted out of all proportion."

The existentialist simply asks that we face the reality of our times. Only as a Christian truly faces these problems can he find the forgiveness and acceptance of God and the comforting power of his Spirit.

Third, the existentialist encourages the Christian to be honest with himself—and with God. He asks every man to live what is for him an "authentic existence."

The layman may be impatient with the existentialist's concern with the categories of "being and non-being," "man's finitude," and "nothingness." Yet these terms deal with that which concerns him. For the existentialist is seeking to cut away the superficialities of life in order to pierce man's inner being. In our preoccupation with the desire to have, we have forgotten what it means to be, says the existentialist.

The Search for Honesty

The Christian may not speak out for racial justice on the plea that it is all "a matter of the heart, and you can't legislate right attitudes." But all the time he knows that he does not have the courage to take an unpopular stand. A minister may accept a new appointment with the pious assertion that he can "make a greater Christian witness." But the truth is he is going because he is getting a bigger salary.

The existentialist renders the Christian an invaluable service in helping him to be honest with himself. For only as we break the shell of pretension that we build around ourselves can we allow God to pierce through to our inner being.

Existentialism is of value in showing the mood of our day. This is important to the church and its ministers. The church cannot serve contemporary men adequately unless it knows their thoughts. The minister cannot speak to needs of his people unless he knows the questions that concern them. These are the issues raised by existentialists.

The world today is vastly different from that of 25 years ago. Many of the questions being asked and the searching problems confronting us are not the same as then. The danger is that the church will continue to answer questions that no longer are being asked. Existentialism reveals the questions, the Christ can give us the answers.

Existentialism is here to stay. It is not a passing mood or a fleeting fad. It is a serious philosophy, growing out of problems faced by modern man and designed to help meet the needs of this present age. It may well be the most powerful force in contemporary society to drive men to a serious confrontation with Jesus Christ. □



IF RIESI, in southern Sicily, is not readily accessible, it makes little difference. Who would want to come to this dirty, poverty-stricken town where illiteracy runs as high as 68 percent? Worse still, the villagers have lost hope. Population has shrunk from 28,000 to 18,000 in the last decade.

Spanish landowners established Riesi 300 years ago by bringing criminals to this remote area to till their fields. Exploited for years by a feudal system reminiscent of the Middle Ages, deprived of education, today's Riesian is fearful and suspicious.

Most families, sometimes as many as 8 or 10 persons, live in one room. They go in at night, taking with them all their possessions: a mule, a goat, a pig, chickens, a motor scooter for the person lucky enough to own one. Then they close and bolt the door.

Unemployment is high. Many men spend their days in the piazza, some arriving at 5 a.m., hoping for a few days of work. Even earlier, at 4 a.m., the trek starts for the

An Interchurch Feature, originated by Presbyterian Life and also appearing in The Episcopalian.—Your Editors

One of Riesi's better streets is paved and has ornate balconies that recall the Spanish landholders who long exploited the people.

Love Comes to Riesi

Text and Photographs by Mary Seth

Inhabitants of this remote Sicilian village live in ignorance, fear, and poverty, trapped like serfs in a feudal pattern established centuries ago by Spanish landlords. But today a pilot program partly sponsored by the World Council of Churches is bringing them new life and hope.

fields. For many, this is a two-hour journey by mule to tiny plots of ground, where they toil until dusk.

The Trabia Tallariti sulphur mines, which used to furnish employment for much of the community, are becoming exhausted. Only about 60 men now work there, and they are glad to have a job even though fatal accidents occur as often as one a month.

At least 70 percent of Riesi's streets have no sewers, and nobody really knows which streets have sewers and which do not. In some poorer sections, the center of the street is used for refuse.

Precisely because Riesi lacked nearly everything and had an abundance of problems, some people did choose to come here, not for a visit but to stay and help. Their purpose was nothing less than renewal of the town.

They are a group of 30 Protestant Christians, mostly Waldensians from northern Italy, who comprise *Comunità d'Agape, Servizio Cristiano*—literally a community of love in the service of Christ.

Tullio Vinay is their leader. He was the principal founder and guide of Agape, a flourishing international youth center built in the Italian Alps after World War

II. For years, he and other Waldensians talked about establishing a Christian witness in a hopeless, depressed town, then finding ways to revive it. They selected Riesi after studying many towns.

Servizio Cristiano seeks to avoid pressure and conflict as it quietly serves the villagers. Tullio explains:

"We live because Christ died for us. If we exploit a town, if we dominate it, we are killing the town. Our gift is the gift of love and service."

Pastor and Mrs. Vinay, with a small team of workers including their son Gió and his young German wife, arrived in Riesi in September, 1961. A year was spent trying to develop harmonious conversations with the people—in the streets, in the piazza, in the homes. Accustomed to exploitation, the people at first seemed utterly incapable of believing that anyone could be altruistically motivated. The women in the group, who went freely about the town, were thought to be "bad" girls.

Eventually, a beautiful tract of high ground covered with 170 ancient olive trees and with a view of the surrounding countryside was purchased on the edge of town. Leonardo Ricci, the Italian archi-



Some houses have running water, but the potter still makes water jars for those that do not, shaping them on the turning wheel.

After girls reach puberty, they are virtual prisoners in their homes until marriage is arranged.

Only on Sundays do women go to the fields, where the men raise wheat and broad beans on tiny plots.





Pastor Vinay is pleased with the kindergarten: "We could have built barracks . . . but architecture leads people together sweetly."

tect who had designed Agape and had been Mr. Vinay's friend for 20 years, offered to help.

So far, the kindergarten building, which now includes first and second grades, has been erected. The plan is to add one grade each year. Also built is a school for mechanics, with the hope that the presence of trained workers will tempt industry to locate here. If not, at least the boys will be trained for jobs elsewhere.

The hope is that *Servizio Cristiano* will become self-supporting. Orange and peach trees, grapevines, and a vegetable garden have been planted. Two large poultry houses contain 6,000 chickens, half to be used for eggs, half for meat. *Servizio Cristiano* is financed partly by the Waldensian Church and partly by the World Council of Churches, which means a small amount comes from American Methodists, as supporters of the WCC. But most of the support

comes from individual contributions by friends of the Vinays in Europe and America.

Among volunteers from seven European countries who are part of the community are a Swiss pediatrician, who has spent a hopeless year trying to gain accreditation in Catania Province; several teachers; an English linguist who translates Mr. Vinay's diary and teaches Italian and English; an engineer; agricultural experts; an electrician; a cook with a music degree; and office workers.

Italian is the official language, but French, German, English, and Danish all are heard in the house which was renovated for staff use until a new building on the Hill of Olives is completed. This linguistic facility has been another way of making contact with the villagers, who come to the door with letters for translation. Often they concern employment in another country.

All day long the doorbell rings with requests for innumerable kinds of assistance—help in emigrating, dry milk for a baby, a prescription to be filled from supplies donated by various drug houses, help in paying land rents or a bill.

A few townspeople are employed by *Servizio Cristiano*. Girls in the embroidery project learn to make place mats, tea cloths, blouses, and children's dresses of fine linen. They earn about \$8 a week, which helps with family finances and also serves to break the tradition that girls, after puberty, are kept virtually prisoners in their own homes.

But the most significant employment comes from the building that has been going on now for almost three years, under supervision of Gió Vinay. The understanding of the workmen has been one of the most heartening things in a many times discouraging milieu.

One day last spring two workmen from the site came to see Tullio. They had taken a collection to repair the Waldensian church and offered to help with the work for nothing. "But we must say something else to you," said their spokesman. "We want to meet together and have you speak to us of our problems and of the Gospel."

Almost all the building-site men

and two agricultural workers came to that first session. Mr. Vinay called the meetings "lessons and conversations of the new Riesi."

Because of both corruption and incompetence in Riesi's elected officials, Mr. Vinay pressed for establishment of a town committee, to be made up of men of integrity who cared more about the town's renewal than for political affiliation. The mayor finally agreed, and the first meeting was held last spring. At Tullio's suggestion, the committee was subdivided into commissions for planning, industry, agriculture, education, and public works and health. Work began at once with unexpected enthusiasm. Mr. Vinay wrote in his newsletter:

"All our contacts in the street increased because people talk of nothing else but the committee. I went to the parish priest (who was also on the planning commission) to tell him that if it would make things easier for him, we would hold the planning commission at his house. This pleased him. Later two Roman Catholic priests came from a nearby town with a group of young people to see the work on the Hill of Olives. Any dialogue between Roman Catholic and Protestant is . . . an event in this regard."

To fill the complete cultural void, Mr. Vinay arranged two series of lectures. "You must learn to listen to other people's opinions and to respect them. This is the foundation of democracy and culture," he told the overflow audience.

"You have broken through the opposition," a doctor said to Mr. Vinay. "Last year you were boycotted, but this year they are all on your side."

A town official warned: "There is only one group of people that is against you—the Mafia—but for the moment they cannot do anything."

Perhaps there will be nothing so devastating as Tullio and Gió Vinay's failure, after months of legal hassles, to obtain relief from the feudal system of land rents. But the climate has changed.

Through Tullio Vinay and the volunteers of the community, one thing is certain. Despite frustrations, a light has been lit in the darkness of Riesi. □



Girls in the embroidery shop earn money for their families and feel liberated from strict homes.



A new machine shop offers boys their first opportunity to learn mechanical skills, and brings hope that industry will someday come to Rieti. In the kindergarten (right), children stay all day, get a good lunch, and have rest periods. But only a third who apply can be enrolled.



POP

*Too late, a young girl realizes how much
it would have meant to her grandfather
to stop and listen to his memories.*

By DANA BROOKINS

WHEN THE telephone rang for the fifth time that morning, I stared at it, dismayed. I had a thousand and two more things to do, including the wash, and didn't have time to talk.

"You don't stop by much anymore," an elderly friend said sadly when I picked up the receiver. "Ronie and I miss you and the children so. She hasn't been well, you know."

Guilt pinched me. In the summer, I'd stopped by on rare occasions to see the two sisters who lived alone in a great, rambling house. Ronie was past 80, totally deaf, and sometimes bedridden with arthritis. I knew her whole world included

only the old house and the few people who called.

But school had started, and the work of rearing four children had doubled for me, what with extra clothes to iron, Cub Scouts to keep up with, and uncounted minutiae that add up to motherhood.

"I'm sorry," I said regretfully.

"Couldn't you just stop in today for a minute?" Rema begged. "Ronie's so blue."

"I wish I could," I said, and stifled the urge to tell her about my waiting chores and the magazine article I hoped to sneak a few afternoon moments to write. "Maybe later on this week . . ."

I hung up after Rema's soft, "All

*"Ain't you just got a
little piece of time to talk?" he
used to ask plaintively."*

right, dear. I know you young people are busy these days." But suddenly I began to think of my grandfather.

"Ain't you just got a little piece of time to talk, Dany?" he used to ask plaintively.

We called him "Pop." He loved bean soup mixed with mustard better than anything. The beans he ate with a knife, the soup he drank straight from the bowl, and afterward his huge, gray-orange moustache would be plastered to his face. He wore suits too big and picked up hats goodness knew where.

Pop came from a small midwestern town, where he once served as sheriff (my mother was born in the jailhouse). The way he told it, he alone was responsible for the downfall of most of the Old West outlaws, including Jesse James. (Never mind that Jesse was long gone when Pop was a baby!)

Pop spent a lot of time hanging out with a bunch of old men in a park. Once he took me along, and I was treated to an impromptu speech on his part. He stood on a table and avowed that men his age should be allowed to join the service. (Things looked pretty hot in Europe then, what with Hitler stomping about.) Pop was sure a lot of the "over-60s" could show the young bucks a thing or two.

One old man burst into tears. "Look at me!" he cried in a crackly voice. "I couldn't show anybody anything because they'd take one look at this body and say I was too old for any use. Who'd listen to me?" Then he turned on Pop. "Look at you. You're old, too. Who'd listen to you?"

"Lots of people," Pop shot back.

But the wind had been snapped out of him, I could see, and we rode the bus home with Pop muttering darkly over and over, "Lots of people!" Little as I was, I felt a sadness in him—and though they didn't come out, I had tears in me.

But when the bus pulled up at the corner of our block, a gang of my friends came racing up, and I forgot my sadness. "Hey, Dany," Pop cried. "You come set on the front steps and I'll tell all your friends how it was when I run Bob Dalton up a gully."

"Come on, come on," my friends shrieked, dancing all around us.

"Not now, Pop," I called gaily back over my shoulder. "Maybe later . . ."

Looking back I remembered all the times Pop had begged me for just a little piece of my time. He was trying to give, not just receive; but I was too filled with my own needs to listen.

Once Pop was one of the handsomest men in Missouri, my mother said. Somehow I couldn't imagine his bald head with hair on it, or his round face without wrinkles, or his body young and dappered up in clothes that fit, or his voice full of dash. To me, he was just my Pop, an old man who came often to visit and seemed always to ask for something I couldn't give . . . a little piece of time. I loved him, but I had no time.

WHEN I was 14, my family moved to California. By then my life was swirling joy and devastating moods. I was so filled up with me that I scarcely even noticed that Pop saw us off at the station.

Pop stayed behind, and I was a self-centered 16 before I saw him again. For two years he had been writing hinty letters. He "sure would like to see if Californy was as sunshiny as folks say." My parents invited him out for a visit.

The day my father pulled into the driveway with Pop riding jubilantly beside him, I saw it was the same old Pop, wearing a suit too large, as usual. He barreled through the front door and grabbed me.

"Hey, Dany," he cried. "You're all grooved up an' purty as a full blown car of corn. Hey, first I need a sandwich, and then you come set down and I'll tell you how it was the time . . ."

"Gee, Pop," I said. "The neighborhood gang is having a birthday party for a girl tonight, and I've got to help plan it."

Pop's moustache drooped. Then he brightened. "Hey, I could come, too," he said. "Tell *all* of them about them wild Youngers . . ." He must have seen the pained look on my face. "Well," he said slowly, "tomorrow then?"

But my tomorrows were busy,

spinning days. I had a summer job and boyfriends and a million busy, busy, *important* things to do.

Sometimes Pop would try to waylay me. "Hey, Dany," he'd bellow. "I ever tell you about the time—?" And I would reply, "Can't stop, Pop. In a rush!"

One morning I found him slumped dejectedly on the front door stoop. "What's the matter, Pop?" I asked.

"Oh, dunno," he mumbled. "Guess I just woke up old this mornin'." He perked up. "Hey, you got time to hear . . .?"

Right then a rickety old car sputtered up the curb. "That's my boyfriend," I cried. "Got to rush to work. Maybe tonight." But that night I had a date, and Pop didn't come out of his room to remind me what I'd said.

I was too busy to see him off on the train when he went back to Missouri. I kissed him good-bye at the front door, feeling the tickle of his moustache, and a vague little sadness as though I'd let him down. But I couldn't name it, and so I rushed on into my young years.

Pop didn't return to "Californy." He died a few months after his visit, alone and lonely in a rest home, among strangers. I cried, of course. Pop was a dear old character, and I had loved him. But I cried mostly because of a feeling of something left undone for Pop.

Sure, I was young then—but standing at the kitchen sink that morning, memories of Pop again brought tears to my eyes.

"What are you standing here for?" I asked myself suddenly. "You're not a child anymore. These dishes can wait."

I fairly snatched the phone off the hook. "Rema? Give me a half hour and I'll be there."

"I'll bake a cake!" she cried. "And I'll get out Ronie's new pad and pencil so you can have a long conversation."

Well, my wash got soaked in the rain and had to be rewrung; I was into the night straightening the house; and I never *did* get the piece written.

But do you know something? In a way I made up, just a little, for the little piece of time I never quite got around to giving Pop. □



WORSHIP in the Round

Jazz, drama, dancing, and other forms of expression we usually associate with the theater are used in worship on Sunday mornings when four Indiana churches representing three denominations hold early services in a summer theater.

By HELEN JOHNSON, Associate Editor

IT IS JUST before 7:45 on a summer Sunday morning.

On the eastern outskirts of Warsaw, Indiana, cars are turning off U.S. Highway 30 into a large parking lot; and men, women, and children are piling out of them and going into a low, red and white frame building that has sides opened to the breezes. Inside, on descending levels, striped-canvas chairs circle a stage.

The Wagon Wheel Playhouse is a summer theater-in-the-round operated in conjunction with a restaurant, but the people so rapidly filling the chairs have not come to watch one of the musical comedies regularly performed on its stage. They may see drama this morning, but the reason for their gathering is to worship. Here, on summer Sunday mornings, four churches are

co-operating in a totally different worship experience.

These worship services for early risers contain all the elements of any regular Sunday-morning service in a Protestant sanctuary: singing, prayer, Scripture reading, sermon, offering. Some of the ritual is in familiar form, but other parts of it may take the shape of drama, interpretive dance, music, dialogue, choral reading, or other kinds of creative expression.

This is the third summer the early morning services have been held at the playhouse. Initiated by the Methodist and Presbyterian churches of Warsaw, they now are sponsored by two additional congregations: the Southview Christian Church of Warsaw, and the Methodist church in the neighboring community of North Webster.

Worship-in-the-round replaces no regular Sunday-morning services—these are held at the customary times in the sanctuaries of the sponsoring churches. Yet the playhouse services almost always are well attended. They were planned for vacationers in this resort area who might not dress up and go downtown to worship, and also for local people who prefer to attend an early service so they can get an early start on family outings.

People dress casually for worship-in-the-round and children are welcome. Because the worshipers are comfortable, and because they are not surrounded by the traditional trappings of a sanctuary, the service may happen to them as if they were experiencing worship for the first time.

Many who do not regularly go



A musical skit (left) by a Presbyterian layman was part of last summer's first worship service. Dancers (below) from a Wagon Wheel musical production take the roles of Jesus, the Levite, and Mary Magdalene during the Sunday-morning worship.



to church often drop in on these services, and they, too, often are caught up in the excitement, drama, and joy of the Christian message. In this atmosphere of relaxed expectancy, the significance of what it really means to be a Christian in today's world comes through with unusual clarity.

Credit for originating the series goes to the Rev. Donald F. LaSuer, now pastor of the Wayne Street Methodist Church in Fort Wayne, who formerly was pastor of the First Methodist Church, Warsaw. Attending the playhouse to see a musical comedy production one evening, he felt the warm, friendly relationship between the audience and performers and wondered if the same empathy could be achieved if a worship service were held in the same surroundings. He talked about it to his associate minister, the Rev. L. Ray Sells, and to the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. William J. Vamos. They liked the idea and the playhouse's owners, Major and Mrs. Herbert Petrie, both Methodists, were so enthusiastic they made the theater and its facilities available without charge.

The experiment began in 1964 with nine services. They were so successful that the schedule for 1965 was extended to 12 services. Jon Bailey, a talented senior theology student at Drew University who grew up in Indiana, was brought in to help make the most creative use of drama techniques and the theater's facilities.

Just as the summer began, both of the Methodist ministers were transferred, but their successors, senior minister Rev. R. Sheldon Duceker and his associate, the Rev. Harold G. Ford, enthusiastically plunged into the summer schedule.

Services for the 12 Sundays were conceived as parts of a central theme: *The Celebration of Life*. Dr. John Vayhinger of Iliff School of Theology in Denver returned to his native Indiana to preach the keynote sermon at the first service. His theme: "The 'Big Surprise' is that, because of God's love and grace expressed in Jesus Christ, life can be celebrated."

In subsequent services, a missionary and a layman engaged in a dialogue sermon on the need for the people of God to share this

"big surprise" with all men; a jazz combo fulfilled the psalmist's instructions to "praise him with trumpet sounds . . . with loud clashing cymbals"; a U.S. congressman and a state representative discussed world upheaval and unrest. Other services asked: Is there meaning to suffering? Does each person have a capacity for celebration? How can we live moral lives, yet be free from rigid moral laws? Musical sketches and drama became a part of worship.

The theological background for the 1965 services was found in *The Community of Celebration*, a paperback book by Thomas C. Oden (National Methodist Student Movement, \$1). This year's theme

The Preacher and the Profile



THE OLD MAN of the Mountain looks out from beneath granite brows from his perch on Profile Mountain in New Hampshire's Franconia Notch. His is a startling likeness of a man's face, formed of huge protrusions of rock. In his immediate view, 1,200 feet above the dark waters of Profile Lake, are the White Mountains, famed in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face* (Hawthorne's *Short Stories*, Knopf) as the setting of an American legend.

According to this legend, a child is to be born within sight of the Old Man and become the noblest personage of his time. And he is to be recognized by his resemblance to the Old Man's profile.

Years ago, the Rev. Guy Roberts, a Methodist preacher in New Hampshire's rugged north country, read *The Great Stone Face*. Roberts loved the White Mountains and their lore; he felt he had to see the stone profile.

On September 5, 1906, Roberts made his first ascent. First he climbed to the top of the mountain. Then, picking his way down, he measured the Old Man's head, inspected its formation, took photographs. He descended in dismay, having seen enough to convince him that soon the great stone that formed the forehead would be dislodged by frost and ice heaves, and tumble into the Notch below, demolishing the rest of the face as it fell. Something had to be done!

For nine years Roberts tried to enlist backing. In the summer of 1915, he induced his friend, Edward H. Geddes, a granite expert, to examine the great head. Together they devised a method of anchoring the slowly sliding stone. However, by next spring—before any work could be done—the stone had shifted another four inches. The Old Man's life was running out fast.

By the following August, Roberts managed to interest the governor, who decided that work must begin immediately, at state expense, with Geddes in charge.

Before September was out, men were climbing the winding, two-mile trail to the heights of Profile Mountain, laden with heavy repair equipment. Their descent to the head was over 800 feet of an unmarked area of rocks and ledges.

It took eight days to fasten the wobbly, 30-ton rock. Sixty percent of its undersurface hung out in space. It trembled as the men, tied together with safety ropes, worked on it. Winds battered them, cold, snow, and ice hampered them, and dense mist obscured their vision. Geddes' fingers were frostbitten.

Finally, the job was finished. The great piece of pink granite was fastened to the cliff with two-inch steel rods. Geddes and his men climbed wearily down Profile Mountain; Roberts went home to his parsonage.

Eleven years later, Roberts and a party of five repaired a nick in the Face with reinforced cement. Since then, repair crews flown in by helicopters have carried out further extensive work. Permanent care now rests in the hands of the state's Recreation Division.

When Roberts died in 1932, *The Concord Monitor* commented on his distinctive public service and pointed out that death "once more emphasizes the importance to society of men and women who get tremendously interested publicly in just one aspect of life. Mr. Roberts' love was for the White Mountains, and his efforts brought protection to the Old Man of the Mountain when other and busier men and women might well have let the stone face disintegrate unnoticed."

—J. TREMAYNE COPPLESTONE

was drawn from the book *Tangled World* by Roger Shinn (Scribner, cloth \$3; paper \$1). Prof. Roy Umble, head of the speech department at nearby Goshen College, is director of dramatic presentations this year.

One of the high-school students who appeared in a musical sketch last year told Jon Bailey: "This is what church should be like!" Not surprisingly, the services are attended by many teen-agers.

But what about the older people? Warsaw is a typical Midwestern community in many respects, one in which people might not be expected to welcome the unfamiliar. Yet the response has been enthusiastic from the first. One reason probably is the skill with which dramatic ways of worship have been blended with the familiar, so the different forms come as discovery rather than shock.

Another more subtle but very important reason is the integrity and simplicity with which the services are conducted. None of the participating ministers is interested in being different only for the sake of being different. But they all are open to and eager for new ways to spread the Gospel as long as they consider them valid. In turning to drama, of course, they have gone back to the oldest form of worship—for all religious ritual is drama.

Recognition of their work in worship-in-the-round has spread outside of the community. One of last summer's services was repeated during a workshop on creative worship held by Methodism's Northwest Indiana Conference Commission on Worship; this summer two workshops are being conducted at Warsaw. Beyond this, the ministers have spoken about their experience at Valparaiso University, and the Television, Radio, and Film Commission of The Methodist Church has asked for a manual based on the Warsaw worship services.

When the services first were considered, planners felt it would take at least two years to assess their worth. After last summer's season, it was evident that the experiment was a success. So the 1966 services begin what probably will be a long, permanent run for worship-in-the-round at Warsaw. □



The youngsters lead as hikers cross the Entiat River and head for Ice Lakes and glacier country.

WILDERNESS HIKE

When Methodists in the Pacific Northwest strap on backpacks and strike out for remote fastnesses in the Cascades, they find spectacular scenery, solitude—and high adventure in Christian living.



One for the show: Jack Keller of Seattle takes a moment to snap his family setting up camp on the first night out.

THE CASCADES, holding white heads high, run south out of Canada and ramble on through Washington and Oregon into northeastern California. They are volcanic in origin, broken by old glaciers and tumbling rivers; they are strewn with an enormous variety of flowering plants, and sheltered by great forests of fir and pine that rim icy blue lakes where fish eagerly await the lure.

If names mean anything, these mountains take theirs from the cascades of cold, clear, pure water that thunder out of every ravine, spout from every alpine meadow, and gush from beneath every glacier or high snowfield.



Geologists say few mountain ranges are endowed with so many majestic, snowcapped peaks; botanists say few exceed their variety and abundance of wild flowers. Methodists in the Pacific Northwest Conference, acknowledging all this with considerable pride, add that the Cascades also make the best outdoor "laboratory for Christian living" in the world.

Summer-long hiking and camping programs are an integral part of the conference's program each year. Although such programs of worship and recreation are not unique in U.S. Methodism, few areas can offer more in the way of spectacular scenery and inspirational backgrounds.

Each summer, as a part of the camping commission's advance promotion, Methodists are asked: "Do you want to learn more about God's world and the way his laws affect us? Do you enjoy hiking, swimming, playing, singing, boating, horseback riding, and making new friends?"

Again this year, some 2,000 persons—from tots to elders—have answered yes to both questions. Hundreds have been camping and hiking in Washington's Cascade mountain areas since June, and the program will continue through August.

Included are seven wilderness hikes, some quite challenging and rugged. Last year, TOGETHER asked Ira L. Spring, internationally known outdoor photographer, to accompany one such group on a six-day hike up the Entiat River into the high country around Ice Lakes in central Washington. Along with 18 other hikers, Mr. Spring shouldered his pack and cameras one week early last August.

"It's an elephant's head!" In Entiat Meadow, Mrs. Keller shows Barbara and Jack the cluster of odd flowers that give this lovely plant its name.



At eventide, with beautiful Myrtle Lake in the background, the Rev. Gene Hibbard leads a devotional service.

Leader of the Ice Lakes wilderness hike was the Rev. Gene Hibbard, then pastor of the Methodist church at Manson, Wash. Mrs. Hibbard was along to keep a log of their experiences.

"At 4:30 p.m.," she wrote, "we started up the trail, taking refreshing drinks from mountain streams tumbling into the Entiat River and noting colorful flowers and scattered huckleberries along the way...."

"The first supper tasted delicious over campfires, with at least one group having huckleberry biscuits. The first deer were sighted across the river. Singing and getting acquainted around the campfire promised a rich fellowship for the week."

Fellowship, yes, but that is only part of what one finds in an unspoiled area where he is alone with the wind, the rushing water, or the rain on a shelter top at night.

"It is a sharing of adventure, too," says Mr. Hibbard, who now is pastor of a church at Kellogg, Idaho. "It is more than devotions beside a campfire in the silence of a great forest. It is both Christian education and a lesson in self-reliance. Somehow, these experiences help awaken us to the wonder of God's laws at work in the natural world and in human relationships."

Following what Mrs. Hibbard described as "a beautiful woodsy path amid tall fir and pine," the hikers set up camp in an evergreen grove the second night. The next day they fished in Ice Lakes, caught 26 nice ones, and had a fish fry beside a roaring campfire. They climbed rocks to get a better view of Entiat Glacier, and, Mrs.



After long hours of walking, ever upward, there is more to reward these hikers than beautiful scenery at Entiat Meadow. First there is lunch, then a peaceful snooze in the sunshine.



Near trail's end, Kathy Long isn't acting when she timidly tests the frigid water tumbling over Ice Creek Falls.

Hibbard noted, "Our worship within sight of the glacier in the background was especially meaningful as we sang *All Creatures of Our God and King*."

High above, spring flowers bloomed in the August air, and under towering trees the ground was soft and yielding from centuries of accumulated humus.

Except for one tragic incident—an accidental drowning—the Ice Lakes wilderness hike was typical of scores sponsored by the Pacific Northwest Conference churches during the past several years. Arrangements are made through the Camping Commission, 810 Olympic National Building, Seattle, Wash. 98104. The hikes are open to adults and

youths, though those under 16 need special permission.

Each applicant is asked: "Are you willing to be a part of the group and do more than your share of the work?"

"Will you try to live your Christian teachings each day in the spirit of Christ?"

"Will you prepare spiritually and physically for this hike?"

Those who have done these things once say it is even easier to answer the questions a second time—when summer comes and the high wilderness calls them again to outdoor worship amid the unspoiled Cascades.

—HERMAN B. TEETER

The Letter

By PAUL N. HAGGARD

MANY years ago, while installing a pipe organ in a small Midwestern church, I was startled when the young minister climbed up the ladder to the organ chambers and, rather hesitantly, asked for a cigarette. Unused to the habit, he lighted the thing, coughed several times, and finally made himself comfortable by sitting on the floor, his back against the wall.

We talked of many things—the new organ, musicians, the ministry, congregations, boards of trustees, and other denominations. Then it came out in a hoarse, raspy voice.

He asked me for a job as an organ builder's helper!

After an awkward silence, he described a sense of defeat the likes of which I seldom have heard. All of us, I suppose, go through alternating periods of enthusiasm and discouragement during our careers. This young minister, nearing the end of his first year out of seminary, evidently had run the gamut of problems and frustrations.

The result, there in the quiet loneliness of the organ chamber, was his idea to leave the ministry and go into the organ-building field. In defense, perhaps, I tried to muster reasons to discourage him.

I was sure, for one thing, that his training had not given him the necessary mechanical aptitude for my trade, but I listened as he delved more into the details of his first pastorate. I was struck by the utter contrast of organ building to the ministry. While both ministers and organ builders are dedicated to inspiring worship, the similarity ends there.

The organ builder is intense in his desire to install an inspirational, mechanical device. He sometimes must overcome the artless resistance of a committee member, perhaps an egotistic layman who wants four keyboards because the

church across the street has three. But once the instrument is installed, his work is done.

A minister, on the other hand, is dedicated to the continuing process of guiding and inspiring human beings to worship God. And human beings certainly are not mechanical instruments!

Through all this rambling thought and our subsequent conversations, I evaded any kind of direct answer to the young minister's plea for a job.

Months later, after the pipe organ had been finished and dedicated, I received a letter from the minister in which he again asked for a job. He told me more about the complacent attitude of some members of his congregation, how they used him and his wife as babysitters, and how one Babbitt actually held back expansion the church needed to meet the needs of the community. His descriptions of certain egotistic, self-anointed members of his board were gems.

It took some doing on my part, but I finally composed a letter I thought might, while letting him down easy, end once and for all his quest to make a change.

I pointed out that, in the beginning, his inspiration to enter the ministry must have been more than a passing fancy; otherwise, he would not have pursued the long years of college and seminary training necessary for such a calling. I told him that he must have recognized almost from the first that insurmountable odds would confront him and that Christ met many more roadblocks and never faltered. I told him I was sure he had an important place to fill, and that I was sure his bishop needed him in the church much more than I needed him as an organ builder.

After reading the final draft, I signed my name and dropped the letter in the nearest mailbox and

proceeded to forget it completely.

Almost 30 years later, I, too, became weary of my work and decided to take up another vocation, one that would not involve so much travel away from my family. This seemed sensible at first, but after a frustrating search I still was unable to find a suitable job.

Driving aimlessly around the city one day, hoping to find the prospect of a job, I passed a large new church and noticed the minister's name on its signboard. Taking a chance, I went in and found my friend of years ago at work in his study.

I told him I was job hunting, and explained how I had become tired of my work. He took me through his church, now almost completed. It was about to have a new pipe organ installed. He told me about the various charges he had held over the years, of the fine congregations he had led, of the dedicated men and women with whom he had worked.

When I started to leave, he asked me to wait until he got something from his office.

A few minutes later he returned with a sealed envelope. I thought I detected a mischievous grin when he explained that he kept a special file in which he put materials he had found especially meaningful, and that later he often found them useful to some friend or member of his congregation.

When I opened the envelope late that night, I found the letter I had so presumptuously written 30 years before. The entire content seemed now to have been addressed to my situation.

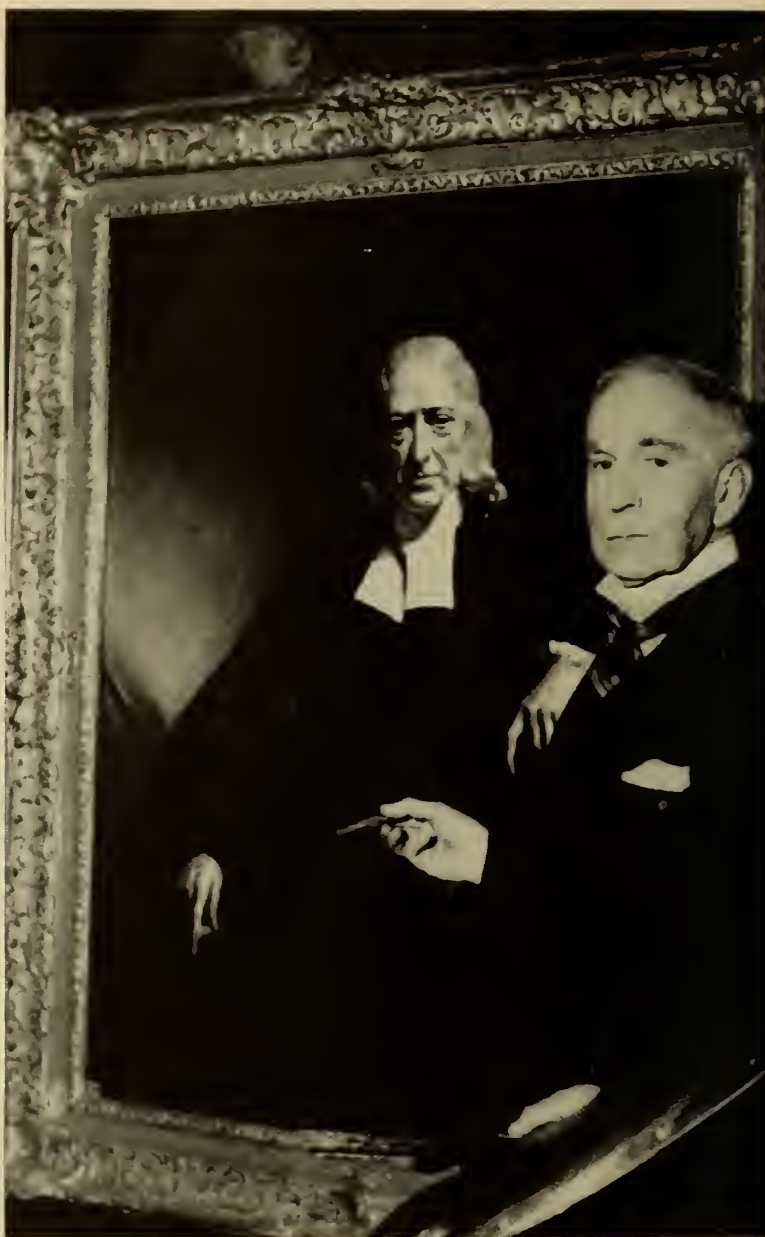
My minister friend had added to the side of the letter, in his handwriting, this thoughtful excerpt from Robert Burns' *The Louse*:

*O wad some power the giftie
gie us, / To see ourselfs as
others see us!* □

*The late Frank O. Salisbury,
distinguished British artist,
posed with his priceless original
as he told his visitor . . .*

The Story Behind John Wesley's Famous Portrait

By **HARRY C. SPENCER**
General Secretary
Television, Radio, and
Film Commission
of The Methodist Church



IN 1953, while in England to help produce the John Wesley motion picture at the J. Arthur Rank studios, I became acquainted with one of the actors, a small, sharp-featured man named Horace Sequira. Interestingly enough, while Sequira played a comparatively minor role in the film (Wesley was played by Leonard Sachs), it turned out that he had posed as the model for the famed portrait of Wesley which hangs in Wesley House and Museum, City Road, London.

Was there a chance that we might visit the artist, Frank O. Salisbury, one of the world's most distinguished portrait painters? I wanted to learn from him how he happened

to paint this work which had been so widely hailed in Methodist circles around the world.

Through Sequira and other mutual friends, a date for our visit was set for early spring.

So it was that one bright Saturday morning we rode through the bombed-out sections of London, then walked past neat homes, green lawns, and colorful flower beds to *Sarum Chase*, Salisbury's palatial brick house. The living room, we discovered, was more like an art gallery, with portraits and tapestries on all the walls. Surrounding us was the work of a man whose artistic talents had been in demand for half a century.

In addition to numerous histori-

cal works depicting England's past, his subjects had included Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King George V, King George VI, and Sir Winston Churchill. He also had painted the portraits of four American presidents—Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman—and such personages as Andrew W. Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and J. Pierpont Morgan.

Our host was of medium height, weighing perhaps 160 pounds. His hair was graying, receding slightly from the temples; his eyes were quick and bright; his face friendly, the smile warm. Strong lines about the mouth indicated character and determination.

He threw open his home to us,

and almost immediately I asked if I might see his studio. I was surprised and thrilled to find the original Wesley portrait there. The artist explained that he had recently visited Wesley House and, noticing his painting needed cleaning, had offered to restore the richness of its colors.

Salisbury graciously consented to pose for my camera. I took pictures of the artist with the Wesley portrait, of the main hall, and the portrait of a king. I photographed the library and the Roosevelt portrait there, as well as the box of paints and the brushes used by the artist.

"How," I asked, "did you happen to paint the Wesley portrait?"

For an answer, he brought out his book *Portrait and Pageant*, which describes his experiences in doing a number of his pictures. Included is a chapter dedicated to Horace Sequira.

During the centennial observance of William Blake's death in 1927, Salisbury was conducting a visitor through Bunhill Fields cemetery where the English poet, painter, and philosopher is buried. At the invitation of John MacNeal, minister of Wesley's Chapel, they also visited Wesley House nearby.

Salisbury wrote that he was disappointed to find "Victorian linoleum in the hall, horsehair furniture in the front room . . . and not a good portrait of John Wesley.

"I said the place was a disgrace to Methodism, and promised Mr. MacNeal that if he would restore the house . . . I would paint a portrait of Wesley to hang on the wall. He was enthusiastic and replied that it should be done. We fixed the whole thing up. Mr. Taverner, my builder, carried out the work and wrought a wonderful restoration."

The artist found he had set for himself a formidable task. He often had painted posthumous portraits from snapshots or by posing relatives who had a family resemblance. But there was little to help with the likeness of John Wesley.

A Methodist brought up in the Wesley tradition, Salisbury began researching his subject with increased interest. He found there were two Wesleys—the scholar and the missionary.

"How was I to paint so wonderful a character?" he wrote. "The museum authorities and the Methodist Bookroom helped me all they could, trusting me with precious relics, his preaching robe, his preaching-bands, and his study chair . . . The number of Wesley pottery mugs, vases, and ornaments outnumbered even the Queen Victoria collection of such things."

The modeling of one of the china busts by Enoch Wood, a contemporary of Wesley's, struck Salisbury as being very exact. Wesley referred to it in his *Journal* as the best portrait, although the size of the head is only three inches. Salisbury continues:

"I got my friend Horace Sequira, the actor, to sit, wearing a wig like the wig of this bust, and made a number of studies in black and white."

Then one day, while the artist was in the Wesley book room studying relics, he noticed a parcel marked "Wesley's Surplice"—obviously an outer robe Wesley, like other clergymen of his day, wore for travel in foul weather.

This was just what Salisbury needed! But when he tried on the garment, it dragged a foot on the ground. Could it have been worn by the diminutive Wesley?

"I studied it carefully, and discovered a button on the collar which suggested that it was not on properly. I found that if it were wrapped 'round the body and buttoned up at the back, behold, it was then one foot off the ground!"

So it was that curious chance meetings and providential accidents combined with a great talent to produce a portrait that contributes much to Methodism's present-day image of John Wesley.

In all, Frank O. Salisbury painted three portraits of John Wesley. Ten of his Methodist-related paintings hang in the World Methodist Building at Lake Junaluska, N.C. Portraits of Susanna Wesley, Francis Asbury, Thomas Coke, and Charles Wesley are among them.

Before the great Salisbury died in 1962 at the age of 88, he bequeathed his home, *Sarum Chase*, to the British Council of Churches.

In a letter to TOGETHER, written shortly before his death, the noted artist said it was his "earnest desire that *Sarum Chase* should be dedicated to the creation of art, and the service of God." He added that it was "a joy to me to be able to visualize the uses to which the house would be put in future years, when I should be no longer here to occupy it." □

Let There Be Time...

Let there be time for thought . . .

Our days are jungles with one torrid season

That slays the shoots of tenderness and reason.

Let there be time for thought.

Let there be time for dreams . . .

They lift us from the doer's calloused mold

To restful worlds where nothing's bought nor sold.

Let there be time for dreams.

Let there be time for love . . .

Though harried by a cross's urgency,

Christ comforted a thief, unhurriedly.

Let there be time for love.

—JUNE E. FOYE

Germany's Different Christianity

For 20 years, Germany's lay academies have taken the church into the everyday life of today's secularized and urban society.

By SARAH ALDEN



The Haus der Begegnung, at Mülheim on the Ruhr, is typical of one-family mansions bought by the church since the World War II years and converted to use as conference centers for the lay academies.

FOUR clusters of engineering students, wearing boxy suit jackets and tapered European shoes, ambled out of the conference hall and sauntered down the cinder path from a stuccoed mansion in the woods near Mülheim/Ruhr, Germany.

All were engrossed in discussing the past hour's lecture on development of an engineer's personality. Soon a chartered bus would take them back to school in Essen.

Now inside, 30 housewives were registering for a conference on German literature. After each signed in, she carried her luggage down a hallway inlaid with oak and ebony and up a polished oak staircase, paneled in gold tapestry and lighted by a crystal chandelier, to her assigned sleeping room.

Moving in the substantial setting of this three-story house with its central tower and canopied entrance, these people from West Germany's Ruhr industrial district

gave me my introduction to a new and different kind of Christianity: the German lay-academy movement.

Basically, an academy is a conference center where people meet to talk about everyday questions. I was visiting such centers with my uncle, the Rev. Roland T. Kamm, his wife, and their children. My uncle had begun a five-month leave from his headquarters in Cambridge, Ohio, to study European churches, particularly the German evangelical academies and institutes.

Until then, my knowledge of German churches had been limited to my reading and a few conversations with American exchange students. I knew most Protestants belonged to the state Lutheran Church (*Volkskirche*) and paid church taxes through the state. Average Germans do not consider church attendance important, I had also heard, but the personal famil-

ilarity of many of them with Scripture and theology would shame most American Christians.

Our travels took us to six of the conference centers in the Ruhr and in West and East Berlin. We visited in a lake resort town outside Munich and in the Swabian Alps in southwestern Germany. We also investigated a few scattered centers in Switzerland, Italy, France, and Sweden. After my uncle's family returned home, I worked four months at Mülheim/Ruhr to learn more about lay-academy work and the German people.

Academy Beginnings

There were religious conferences (Germans call them *Tagungen*) before there were academies. All 13 German academies trace their origins back to a two-week conference in 1945, after the war had ended, planned for lawyers and economists by Eberhard Mueller and Helmut Thielicke. Following

Plato's idea and using his method of dialogue, the conference was called an Evangelical Academy. It was secular rather than religious.

The closest I ever got to a conversation with Dr. Mueller, founder of the Bad Boll Academy, was to interview his car driver. "He loves to build," the chauffeur said.

This successful Christian builder admired by lay and clergy leaders in today's prosperous Germany, was, in 1945, a man haunted by ideas of Germany's moral failure as a nation. He blamed the church first of all.

Dr. Mueller set out to learn the daily spiritual needs of Germans and to challenge the irrelevancy of traditional German folk churches.

Starting outside the local church, with similarly disillusioned laymen and church leaders, he held his discussion groups at the risk of alienating the conservative state church hierarchy.

One German theologian whose writings gave intellectual weight to Dr. Mueller's secular approach was Dietrich Bonhoeffer, killed by the Nazis after his indirect but definite part in a bomb plot against Hitler's life. [See *Dietrich Bonhoeffer: Witness to Christ*, April, 1965, page 27.]

Bonhoeffer admitted the secular, nonreligious atmosphere of the modern world. If the church has any relevancy to such a world, he said, it is in service to the secular problems of society. Church attendance was unpopular in Europe because it had no relationship to daily living. Bonhoeffer's path to martyrdom showed that personal decisions resulting from a Christian examination of secular life are difficult ones.

Each of the present academics is related to the church structure of the region (*Landeskirche*) in which it works, and most are partially church financed.

At Mülheim/Ruhr, we attended two-day, back-to-back sessions on topics ranging from coal mining to Polish literature, from theologian Paul Tillich's writings to problems of recruiting pastors.

German pastors relax in a bocce game at an academy in the Black Forest area. Often the dialogue continues during fun, after a provocative session.

They Learn Someone Cares

In spite of such program variety, a Christian atmosphere pervades. If participants are not interested in the church, Christianity may not be mentioned directly except in the optional morning chapel services. But even non-Christians within a few days feel that someone cares very much about them and their problems.

"Oh, the church has nothing to do with this conference," a young German told my aunt on his first day there. Two days later his opinion had changed. He thought the academy's concept of Christian service to the secular world a great idea. Many others told me, in effect, "I wish I had known about this conference center sooner. I am going to come more often."

Conferences for particular professional groups such as judges, foreign student advisers, or church superintendents usually are closed to visitors. Weekend topics are more general and open to everyone. Participants receive invitations through colleges, professional societies, or churches. Then they register their professions and interests.

The Mülheim/Ruhr academy, started in 1949, has built up a card file of 15,000 past or potential participants. For one weekend conference on Ingmar Bergman's controversial films, twice as many persons applied as could be accommodated.

Sometimes discussion leaders are chosen from participants. Main lecturers and entertainers are drawn from among Germany's many technical and cultural experts. Delegates pay minimal board and room for quarters in former mansions, castles, or old university buildings. They are served wholesome meals around small tables in family dining rooms.

Attractiveness of settings is a major factor in popularity of the academics. More than buildings, they provide stimulants for successful conferences.

Mansions remind Germans of prewar social patterns of tradition and elegance among the upper social classes who lived here. After the war they could be bought cheaply. Most of the academics, however, have now moved to modern buildings, or added modern units to old buildings. Many also are in the process of building new chapels, which has helped stimulate discussion about the design of places for worship, symbolism, and worship services themselves.

Their Way—And Ours

I find it difficult to compare Germany's academics directly with American churches. But several themes kept popping up in conversations that illustrate their comparative roles.

The German search for spiritual





Iserlohn Academy specializes in gatherings of foreign students who study in the German universities. The author, Sarah Alden (tallest), wears a borrowed sari to attend a tea with Southeast Asians.

awakening which I saw in the academies was surprising and impressive. My pre-trip impressions of their theological depths had been correct. They had an intellectual appeal lacking in our U.S. Christianity. The academies create an atmosphere in which three people ambling down a cinder path can wrestle with difficult concepts as close friends.

We Americans tend to depend upon numbers, make group decisions, and hear public interchange among random acquaintances. We would not dream of allowing three hours of free time at a weekend retreat. In contrast, at the academies afternoons were reserved for personal disciplines.

On the other hand, the Germans lack our ease of fellowship. We—some of us at least—know how to listen to people, how to forgive their evident confusion and recognize their attempts to participate as individuals. The ease and informality of our church is the dream of many a young German pastor.

Group discussions disappointed my uncle, however, until he remembered the war.

"I thought the leaders should know more about group dynamics," he says, "encouraging shy persons to speak and controlling incessant talkers. Then I remembered that these people could not trust each

other 20 years ago. Now I am impressed by the progress of individuals who are learning to communicate for the first time in their lives."

Before the Germans can consider other contemporary problems, they feel they must come to grips with their moral failure as a nation. It is their most difficult postwar adjustment and the one which most concerns foreign critics. Ministers who live at the academies sometimes worry about this preoccupation with the past.

In Berlin, theologians watched films of the church underground during the 1940s. A group of military men, meeting at Bad Boll, heard the testimony of a general who helped in a bomb plot against Hitler and raised the question of loyalty to superior officers.

The feeling that they failed morally as Christians during the war gives Germans a fresh approach to other urban problems. By contrast, American churches have known a continued belief in democracy to back social developments in local congregations. We have not recognized any major moral failure which might drive us toward revolutionary experiments of church participation in sociology.

Germans are impressed with reports of American church attendance and of congregations which

are wealthier than theirs and do not depend, as do German churches, on tax support. "Our church attendance did not fall down because of war disillusionment alone," one housewife told me. "All our social groups dissolved in war."

Action Was Needed

At present, the academies are not herding Germans back toward church attendance. The leaders do hope for improvements. But back in 1945, Dr. Mueller and many other pastors felt that the church had to meet the secular world face to face through conference centers, without waiting for people to come back to the churches.

Of all the recurring themes of comparison, the German approach to secular sociology is most exciting, and that is where the academies have made their most startling accomplishments. Out of the rubble, debt, and upheaval of its class system, Germany is being put on the new urban basis common to the world.

The nation now is dominated by cities where neighbors do not know or want to know each other, where new storefronts are more appreciated than old cathedral spires. Restless travelers merge with residents who have left scattered, rural, self-contained units of the stable old environment to mill with strangers in the city.

Perhaps their best example of accomplishment in the field of urban problems results from a Mülheim/Ruhr project with industrialization. In 1954 the coal industry came to the Rhineland-Ruhr area Evangelical Lutheran Church for help. The industry wanted a neutral meeting ground for official negotiations between management and labor. In past experience, laborers had been so prejudiced by a company atmosphere that few compromises or improvements had been made.

The industry leaders wanted to plan their own conferences and use the academy only as neutral ground. These would be different from other professional meetings at the academy because they would be official policy-making sessions. The industrialists, many of whom no longer went to church, still respected the

position of the German church.

Church leaders agreed to the proposal, feeling that even providing a meeting ground might make a Christian contribution toward solving secular problems. Now coal miners attend 64 sessions a year at Mülheim/Ruhr and several other meetinghouses in the industrial area.

Mediators are so satisfied with the atmosphere for industry decisions that they have asked the church to train industrial specialists with theological backgrounds.

In recent years, the relationship between church and industry has grown. Church leaders even feel welcome to recommend industrial policies without first being asked for their opinions. This is partly because they have not tried to force Christianity on any participants. "We don't tell the miners to be nice to their brothers in the mine," one leader said. "First we try to find out if it is possible to be nice to your brother in the mine!"

The Rhineland church and the

evangelical academies currently are urging conferences on automation. "We are worried about the switch-over to machines. We point up the American example of 5½ percent unemployment," said another specialist. Germany has full employment now. But if increased automation leads to unemployment, the church fears that Marxist arguments might have more appeal to the jobless.

Free to Experiment

The academies are laboratories, experimenting for the church as a whole. At Bad Boll, Dr. Mueller's headquarters in southern Germany, Miss Marlies Cremer, a full-time sociologist, evaluates activities of the academy. She points out that most people belong to churches in their living areas but spend most of their lives with working companions in the center of the city. The attempt is made to get people who work together to attend meetings together at Bad Boll.

Church leaders have had to accept the fact of a nation where

professed Christians do not attend church regularly on Sunday. In a way, this makes their approach to these passive Christians and non-Christians more effective.

Many American pastors like my uncle feel that there is much to learn from the German academy movement, although they do not believe it can be adopted in the United States in its European form. Other European countries also have established lay academies and institutes, but have changed program patterns to suit their own needs.

As the lay-academy movement spreads from Germany to other parts of the world, the interchange between American and German pastors grows. We have our coffee-houses and other American experiments which merit the attention of the German academy leaders.

But we could well continue to examine European lay movements, particularly those in Germany, with serious thought of learning from them and adapting their sociological methods to our own needs. □

The Way of the Academy

NEARLY 400 years before Jesus taught, the Greek philosopher Plato founded a school called the Academy. Since World War II, the term has been used by Protestant Christians in the German evangelical academies, places where conferences are held under church sponsorship for people from the business world to talk over mutual problems. Miss Marlies Cremer, a sociologist at Academy Bad Boll, near Stuttgart, gives these criteria for the style of the academy:

"There had been church conferences in Germany for a long time, especially in Christian youth movements. Usually these had a religious program and a Christian style. The academy is different because it has a secular style.

"By this I mean that *the world sets the conference agenda*. The program brings into focus problems, needs, and alternatives facing a certain group in society who are engaged in a common task, such as factory workers and management.

"*Invitations go through secular channels*. They do not usually go to local churches but to a factory, a supermarket, a teachers group, a leisure club. Not only Chris-



Staff planning at Bad Boll, first German lay academy.

tians but everybody involved in the problems to be discussed is invited.

"*The method is dialogue*. Everybody is expected to co-operate in analyzing and solving the problems being considered. The speakers only give the necessary factual information and provide a start for dialogue.

"The Gospel is not preached but is brought into the dialogue in such a way that the participants themselves can find out the relevance of the Gospel for their situation. The phrase 'evangelical academy' was applied to the first conference of this kind at Bad Boll, in 1945, by Dr. Eberhard Mueller and Dr. Helmut Thielicke, following the terminology of Plato." □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

SOME TIME ago I invited you to write about your faith. What do you believe? Where are your problems of faith? Several have written to say they worry about whether God exists. One boy said, "I cannot believe what I cannot see and touch, so how can I believe in God?" And one of the most thoughtful, searching letters came from a girl in college. She said:

"You have asked for letters from young people even when they have no problems and are happy. I cannot say that I am perfect and have no troubles, for that is far from the truth.

"I woke up and found one morning that one of the most carefree, joyous parts of my life is over. I am in my freshman year at a university and am still trying to find myself. It takes a long time and a lot of patience to put up with yourself through the teenage years. Even though I have two years to go, I feel that it is a rewarding period in my life.

"However, I am faced with a huge question that has bothered me for a long, long time: whether there is a God or not. You see, it bothers me to talk to anyone about it, because I am a minister's daughter and a church-school teacher. I feel like a hypocrite, because here I am molding young people's character when mine is still wet in the mold. I was my youth group president and attended camp for four years. I have been active in church affairs ever since I can remember, and I still do not know whether there is a God or not.

"In history books, one can read how primitive the beginning of religion is. The Old Testament is a collection of blown-up stories with little fact underlying them. Why do people need a God? For security, to be able to know that there is still something left to believe in, to be there when they need Him. So we invented something out of our imaginations to turn to.

"I think that our God is love. He is Spirit, a spirit of goodness and truth and love. He is not a being to be worshiped and adored and to ask blessings from. He is a spirit to be perpetuated and borne in all people. He does not set down rules for us to abide by. Society, people who love and hate, sin and repent, sets down these rules.

"I started out my letter by saying that I was happy. My parents force rules upon me which I am obligated

to adopt while I am still living at home. I do not wish to destroy my father's image or hurt him in any way, and I do not want to destroy any of my parents' teachings in my brothers and sisters, either. However, I have smoked and drunk liquor, but only in experimentation, never in excess. I do not care for either, and besides, there is an outside influence. That person is my boyfriend. I am very much in love with him, and I hope to marry him someday. He has a personality and background very close to mine and a brilliant future.

"Basically, I have good values, I think. I am mixed up in some ways, but my training has roots in me. I believe I should not engage in intercourse before marriage, because I know the experience will be far more meaningful to me in the bonds of marriage. It is something that was instilled in me in my growing period. It is not because a God I do not even know exists told me that I'd better not or I'll be punished. Of course I would be punished, but only because of my own feelings. Or I might never feel guilt if I felt the experience added to my life, and it destroyed nothing good.

"I love life and I am so very happy in relation to so many people I rub shoulders with. Next year when I finally leave home, I hope to have the courage and conviction to live it as it should be lived. Many answers must be found before I can ever be sure I am on the right course."

Do you know what I like about this letter? It reveals an openness, a certain confident boldness, a willingness to test new ideas and ways. At the same time, it shows a sensitivity to the feelings of others, and a realistic awareness that much is still to be learned. This is a good combination. What do you think?



I am a boy, 17. I have had a severe case of acne since I was 12. My doctor tells me the only cure is time, and I will grow out of it by the early 20s. Meanwhile, I look awful, and lose friends little by little as they find others they would rather be with. I am a good student, interested in many things, and a leader in my local church. But next year in college I



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1965 by Warner Press, Inc.

"How can you be a good Christian when your stomach hurts?"

must start all over, and will be miserable without my few friends to fall back on. Also, I am the type who prefers church and Bible discussions over parties, dancing, expensive clothes and cars. So everyone thinks of me as "Christian: never has any fun." I feel like I shouldn't claim to be a Christian while I am putting such a black mark on the record. What should I do? (I met you at an MYF institute recently. I would sign my full name but you might remember me.)—B.G.

This may surprise you, but I do not remember meeting anyone with a bad case of acne recently. I am sure I met you and enjoyed talking with you. Probably my mind noted many things about you—but "bad case of acne" was not one of them. I say this to illustrate the point that people do not notice such things as much as we think they do. In fact, I would guess that if you are losing friends it is because you expect to lose them, or because of your own self-evaluation, or for other reasons only loosely related to acne.

You are saying your problem is this: "Have acne—look terrible—no

friends." I am guessing your problem is: "Have acne—think self unworthy—expect to have no friends." A good specialist might help with the acne, especially since I understand a promising new treatment has been developed using small doses of antibiotics over a period of several months. But your problem of low self-evaluation is more important than acne. Because you are prejudiced against yourself, you look for cues to confirm your prejudice. Why not start looking for the cues which say, "People *do* like to have me around. I *do* make a contribution to life. I *can* admit I am a Christian without disgracing the faith."

QA

In the May issue, you stated your opinion about dancing. You said there is something in us that wants to dance, and you do not believe dancing is sinful. I disagree with you completely. Dancing is always wrong. If it were done for exercise, people would dance with their own sex. Dancing is a "hugging match set to music." There is sex interest in dancing. If there were not, why do not boys dance with boys? Also, why do married people seldom dance as before? Because the sex interest is not as strong as before marriage. Is dancing in a darkly lit, smoke-filled room presenting your bodies "as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God" (Romans 12:1)?—B.K.

Thank you for your thoughtful ex-

pression of conviction. I think you and I disagree primarily in our attitude toward sex interest. I think sex is one of the most interesting interests God built into human experience. For that reason, a great deal of personal discipline is required to keep it in its rightful place. This does not mean we need to fear it as a terrible enemy or try to stamp it out of life.

I agree that dancing involves sex interest. So does couple skating, dating, and a lively conversation with a boy or girl at an MYF meeting. The fact of our sexuality is one of the universal qualities which help to shape every human experience. Learning to express this fact in appropriate, constructive ways is a large part of growing up. I believe dancing in the right setting and under proper controls is an appropriate expression of our interest in persons of the opposite sex.

QA

I am a college junior engaged to a wonderful Methodist boy, yet I find myself entirely emotionless toward him. I feel the same way toward everyone, even my parents. I am afraid to marry, or not to marry. How can I be fair to any boy who loves me? Why can't I love or hate anyone? Please help me. All I want to do right now is die.—M.L.

Your inability to feel affection or hostility toward other persons points to a need for professional counseling. May I suggest that you begin with the campus physician, or a psychology

professor, who will know where qualified counselors may be found. A series of sessions with an understanding and skilled specialist could make a world of difference.

QA

I am a girl whose problem is cars. My mother thinks I am too young to date boys in cars. Even though I am going on 16, nothing I say or do will change her mind. She lets me go only on special occasions. Drive-ins are out. I can understand that and have no wish to go there. But all the other kids my age go on car dates. I do not want to be a flop and never have a date! Do you think my mother is fair?—K.S.

Dating ages vary from community to community. Girls of 15 are allowed car dates in some areas but not so much in others. If they are mature and responsible persons, I see no harm in it.

I do think, however, that every family should have the right to decide about such things without pressure from others. Some of the best parents I know say, "As soon as my teen-agers say all the other kids are doing it, they lose the argument right there."

Can you have a quiet family conference on it? Your parents may agree to make an exception under certain conditions, such as early curfew and double-dating. Since you are "going on 16," perhaps you can be patient and wait awhile longer.

I do not agree that you will be a failure if you do not date a lot. Many fine and capable young people date infrequently. Dating may be fun, but it is not a proof of worth.

QA

I have just read your column about the girl who is going blind. She and her parents might wish to know about the books Karen and With Love From Karen by Marie L. Killilea. Karen was born with cerebral palsy about 1940. This disease was then very misunderstood. Karen's parents were told to put her in an institution and forget her. Needless to say, they did not take that advice. The books, written by Karen's mother, are very inspiring. The whole family is quite close to God.—N.C.

Thank you for your thoughtful suggestion. (Prentice-Hall publishes both books at \$4.95; Dell's paperbacks are 50¢ for *Karen* and 60¢ for *With Love*

RUACH

*Sometimes the wind blows life in my face:
I'm wild, unshackled to the wide, wide hills;
Floating to a universe of stars,
Pure as a spring-fed lake and the rocks;
Pushed by the glacier of destiny;
Dumped into the crucible of history;
Beyond the vile grasp of the bugs
That sting ambition with obscene fangs.*

*Thank God
For the force of tears
And wide eyes
And a pounding heart
. . . . Till no leaves stir.*

—PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

How do we judge other people? We do not, if we follow the Scriptures—Romans 14:10, for example. We are summoned to become witnesses, but God does not set us up to be judges. The instructions are to pray for one another, but not to judge.

This does not mean that we overlook or excuse sin, but we do not scorn sinners. We try to understand them, and pray that they will seek God's forgiveness. Remember the proverb of the American Indian: "Do not judge a man until you have walked three days in his moccasins."

Are earthquakes 'acts of God'? The ancient Hebrews thought so. The psalmist says (18:7) that "the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken because he was wrath" (KJV).

In our day, the seismograph records shocks, big and little, almost continuously. Some 5,000 tremors are counted every year, but only 100 of them could be called major earthquakes. Obviously, the small disturbances are as truly acts of God as the great ones that take hundreds of lives and do heavy property damage.

Actually, these would better be called "acts of nature." In this sense, however, the sunlight that makes corn grow and the evaporation that draws water from the lakes and seas into the skies are also acts of God. The pull of gravitation, too. And the first part of Psalms 18 says as much.

Should Methodists use wine at Communion? The Methodist ritual is clear: "The pure, unfermented juice of the grape shall be used" (*Discipline*, ¶ 1715).

Our times are different from those of Jesus and the disciples. Wine was one of life's necessities; and the holy meal centered about common, necessary things.

Besides, there was rich symbolism. Drinking the cup of wrath, treading the winepress, pouring new wine into old wineskins were well-known experiences. Changing water into wine (John 2:1-11) probably represents changing Judaism into Christianity. Most of this symbolism escapes us.

Bishop Nall, former journalist-editor, traveler and author, is resident bishop of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church but still finds time to answer questions on church and faith. His replies are designed to enrich your Christian living and further your witness. "When big questions come," he says, "I always write in dread of giving little answers."

From Karen.) Many others also wrote to express concern and to offer help. Another reader mentioned *To Catch an Angel* by Robert W. Russell (Vanguard, \$4.95; Popular Library, paperback, 60¢). It is the story of a boy who became completely blind, and of his courageous struggle to overcome his handicap. If these books are not available locally, Cokesbury Book Store could order them. Every Methodist minister has the address of the bookstore and the regional Cokesbury Service Center.



I am a girl, 14, who has a crush on a teacher. But instead of a man teacher, I fell in love with my physical-ed teacher. She is nothing real great, but I just flipped over her. I walk past her house three times a week and every weekend. I take pictures of her and keep a scrapbook about her. I even named some of my stuffed animals after her. Is this unusual being in love with a teacher of the same sex?—G.J.

Falling in love is irrational at best. At age 14, it is more so. At your age I do not think it strange that you fell in love with an older person of the same sex. It can be painful, though, and rather awkward for both of you. For that reason, it places a special obligation on you not to do foolish things. I suggest that your feelings remain your own special secret. Try not to embarrass your teacher or interfere in her life. Within a few months, I am confident your feelings will change.



I am a girl, 13. I like a boy who lives down the street from me. I told one of my girl friends I liked him and she said she would not say a word. Well, what happens? I got off the bus and she stood near me and told him I liked him. I could have died right then and there. I said I didn't like him any more, but I do. How can I hint around and let him know I still like him?—D.D.

I think he knows it already.



Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS

The Pearsons of Montgomery

OUT ON A finger of Martin Lake, which is the big lake in east-central Alabama, William M. Pearson eased down the throttle of his 16-foot outboard to pick up more speed. On the open stretch of water to the stern he could see his older children, Jim, 16, and Jane, 12, cutting the wake nicely on their water skis.

"We're a lake family," says Bill Pearson. Many Saturdays during the long southern summertime take the Pearsons away from the dailiness of Bill's senior partnership in an architectural firm, his wife Gwen's audio-visual studio, and the children's activities in the capital city of Alabama, where they live. You hear a lot of things about Montgomery these days, but not much about people like the Pearsons.

Three winters ago, Bill and the boys worked nights and weekends prefabricating a cabin based on a plan they designed. They assembled the walls, put in the windows, did what framing they could, and hauled everything to the lake, 45 miles away, on a borrowed truck. They had roof decking and flooring delivered to the grounds, then Bill, Jim, and a nephew who lived with them at the time spent four days helping a hired carpenter assemble the cabin. The months since then have been spent in the finishing, but that hasn't slowed down the pace of family living.

Along the shores of the big, oak-leaf shaped lake, behind a Tallapoosa River power dam, the Pearsons lease nearly an acre for \$65 a year. Up from their 50-foot permanent dock, the cabin is built about one floor's height above the water on a sloping ridge. There's a sand beach, with a little poison ivy around its edges, in a relatively unoccupied area of the lake. On one side the Pearsons have neighboring lake enthusiasts, but on the other are just lots of thick, piney woods.

While mother washes supper dishes, the kids often play table tennis on the porch. Sometimes there is a final spin around the point to see a glorious sunset, or the family buzzes across the lake for the last time



In the rearview mirror of Bill Pearson's boat (above), a passenger could see him turn around to watch his water-skiing children. Back at their private dock everybody—well, nearly—helps take the gear out of their fiberglass boat and into the cabin.





Bill helps son Joel (above) learn fingering for his ocarina, sometimes called a "sweet potato." In their home, which Bill himself designed, the den gets especially heavy family use. Out in her audio-visual studio, Mrs. Pearson inspects one of the big transparencies she makes for overhead projection. It is part of a set on geometry she produced for school use.



At the family's piano, Jane, who takes lessons, and Marvin, her cousin, who lived with them two years, try a duet. Jane had just bounced in from a session of vacation church school she was attending.



before dark. Once in a while, they go sailing in a small boat someone left on their place.

Frequently the Pearsons invite guests out. They may be friends from their neighborhood in McGehee Estates, personnel from Maxwell Air Force Base where Gwen used to work, or members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship at Dexter Avenue Church, where Bill and Gwen are MYF counselors.

Back at the office on weekdays, Bill consults with his two partners in the architectural firm he helped start in 1956. They have not specialized. Since opening their new office two years ago, they have taken on such jobs as a doctors building, a junior college, a hospital, a nursing school and home, as well as residences and churches. Recently, they worked on a fallout-shelter survey for the Corps of Engineers.

Bill got most of his experience in architecture by working since high school for his older (by 20 years) brother, who is also a Montgomery architect. After high school, Bill had health problems that prevented his going away to study. So he attended Methodist-related Huntingdon College for a year and a half, worked for a while, and later studied a year at Auburn University.

While Bill still worked for his brother, a traffic light turned out to be an important event in his life. Driving home from work one afternoon, he stopped at an intersection on signal near two attractive girls waiting for the light to change. They accepted a ride home.

One turned out to be Gwen, who had studied math with Bill's father at Sidney Lanier High School, where



Working after-school hours in his dad's office, Jim sometimes produces blueprints. A high-school junior, he has talked seriously about becoming an architect, but more recently shows interest in medicine.

the elder Pearson taught for 35 years and, as assistant principal, became widely known and respected. The way Gwen tells it, a year and a half later Bill telephoned her for a date. "He said he was sure I wouldn't remember him, but I did."

After they were married and Bill had gone into his own partnership, he designed their home, which is a contemporary ranch style, but with a rather sharp-pitched roof. They helped build it themselves, working with a carpenter foreman. Bill ordered the materials and was expediter. Now that the Pearsons are well settled with their four children, family activities keep everybody very busy.

Jim, the oldest, will be a high-school junior next fall. He has talked about becoming an architect, but more recently about being a doctor. "The important thing," says his mother, "is that he wants to do something, not for the ease of it, but that will mean something to himself and others." Last year Jim played basketball and was in the band, but he probably will have to give up band this year.

Jane's consuming passion is just keeping busy. She loves to sing, takes piano lessons, and makes good grades without having to try very hard. But she likes to move from one thing to another and likes people.

The other extrovert is Joel, who is eight and next to youngest. "He is the wild one," says his mother, "but he is also sweet and tender. He tries to be so rough and tough but he really has the tenderest feelings of all." The youngest is John Calvin, not for the 16th century reformer but for his grandfather—and "be-



Two of the partners in architecture, Pearson (left) and Charles Humphrics, study plans for an educational unit designed for a Baptist church in Montgomery. They are not specialized, but often do churches.

cause we needed another 'J.'" His nickname is Jack.

In her audio-visual studio, Gwen makes overhead projector transparencies, sometimes called "view-graphs." She developed this interest while working at Maxwell Air Base as an illustrator for instructors in the famed Air University. She also taught art in elementary grades at the base school.

"I decided I would like to start my own business using this material," she says, "partly because it's fairly inexpensive and simple to operate. And it doesn't take as much equipment as photography." The transparencies are 8 by 10 inches in size, permitting teachers to write on the transparencies with a grease pencil, then wipe them clear with cotton swabs. Gwen



With completion due within the next few days, much remained to be done on this Methodist church designed and supervised by Bill's architectural firm. After talking with men on the job and inspecting areas where pews and chancel were to be installed and carpeting was to be laid, he concluded that all would be ready for worship next Sunday.

has developed a viewgraph set on solid geometry that has sold nationwide, and a series on the Constitution and another on communism in collaboration with a local civics teacher.

The Pearson children sometimes visit Gwen's father who now lives not far from Montgomery, on the old Lucas Plantation which flourished between 1830 and 1865. Long ago it was split into small plots, but the name is retained as a reminder of the past.

"I don't have the same feelings that some of my friends do about the race problem," Gwen says. "One of my earliest memories is being on a streetcar in Birmingham, where I was born, and seeing signs that said 'Colored' on one side and 'White' on the other. I asked my mother why, but I don't suppose her answer was very complete. Then I remember, not too long after, hearing another child say 'nigger,' and I came home and said it. I was told that was not a nice word and not ever to say it again. And I have felt that way about it ever since."

Asked about the civil rights revolution as it is taking place in Alabama, Bill says, "My family tried to raise me without prejudice. Even so, it takes a great deal of adjustment in attitude and general thinking on the part of a person who has been in Montgomery all his life. I think our family feels more moderate than a great many Southerners, yet we don't shut our eyes to the difficulties involved in any integration.

"When I was a kid I would not have believed it if somebody had told me that right here in a motel I would be sitting in the same restaurant where Negroes and whites were eating together or that my son's school team would be playing basketball in the state finals against a Negro on a high-school team. Things have come along a great deal. Still, the rest is going to be slow."

Gwen is active in the Woman's Society and occasionally teaches in the adult fellowship class. She is also chairman of the audio-visual committee of the church. For two years she was coleader of Jane's Girl Scout group, and she still enjoys helping with Scouting activities.

Bill is superintendent of the elementary division in the church school and secretary of stewardship. He has directed the younger children's choir for the past two years and enjoys working with little children. "It's frustrating, but it's also a lot of fun," he says.

"Bill and I don't drink," says Gwen, "and in our social world this makes us people apart, but I don't think it stamps us as oddballs. I think it ought not to be a rule that Methodists don't drink, but ought to be something you arrive at freely as we have."

Regarding the children's religious life, she says, "I think seeing us work in the church and how much it means to us will help give the children a sense of the value of it. I expect it will be after they have reached maturity, just as it was for me, before they really realize just what their religion means to them and who God is and what he can mean in their lives. But I hope that we are giving them every opportunity to fit themselves to live as Christians in this fast-changing world."

—NEWMAN CRYER



Up the Down Staircase

By W. GODDARD SHERMAN, Pastor

Snyder Memorial Methodist Church, Jacksonville, Florida

TWO OF MY children entered a new school last year. After the first day, they told of how confused they were starting down the stairway marked UP, or up the one marked DOWN. Immediately there came to mind the delightful book by Bel Kaufmann, *Up the Down Staircase*. It occurred to me that this title is a parable of life—that at times all of us head in the wrong direction, with the result that our days are filled with confusion.

This is nothing new for our generation. Conditions are no worse today than in centuries past. It is precisely for this reason that the Bible is not outmoded. Our basic spiritual needs are identical with those of men in biblical times. When our feet are faltering, we need God to strengthen us. When our steps are uncertain, or headed in the wrong direction—when we are going up the down staircase—we need God to guide us.

One accurate biblical portrayal of man is his lostness. Over and over the New Testament sounds this note. Jesus told parables to suggest the truth of it. He might be talking about a sheep, a coin, or even a boy who was lost, but always he meant to convey the message about man's spiritual need.

The tragedy is that man often seems inclined not to find himself but to become more lost. Some years ago we entertained a philosophy that all mankind is imbued with such a spark of divine life that all we

need to do is fan it into a flame. By education and by example, it was thought, man would be led naturally to climb the steps to a better world. But a civilization in rubble has pretty thoroughly discouraged this happy philosophy.

Often our modern novelists seem to be in closer touch with reality than our theologians. The novelists have been writing of how man left to himself grows worse instead of better. William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, for example, is the tragic story of a group of young boys deserted on an island by accident during an air raid. They grow to hate each other. They resort to violence, and finally murder. This is a vivid portrayal of the lostness of modern man.

Nibbling Yourself Lost

It seems incredible that man can chart his way in orbit around the earth, but regularly gets lost in the common task of living—literally going up the down staircase.

Christ pointed out several ways in which this lostness comes. Some of us are like sheep. We have no intention of wandering away and are not rebellious. But we eat a luscious blade of grass here, and another over there, until we simply find ourselves out of touch with the flock. We just nibble ourselves lost.

This happens in many areas of man's life. The person who becomes an alcoholic does not start out to

be so. He has no intention of bringing ruin upon himself and his family. He simply adopts a social pattern which he thinks is harmless. But the grip of alcohol upon his system grows tighter and tighter, until finally he is its victim. He has nibbled himself lost.

There are times when men are lost by deliberately choosing the wrong guide. The lost son of Jesus' parable chose pleasure. While he could not foresee being lost in the far country, he made a deliberate choice. This is a common pattern of life. A young man once said to me: "I may wind up in hell. I just hope it will be as much fun after I get there as it is going there." Making a deliberate choice, he was lost; he knew it, but he did not care.

The Lost Can Be Found

The Bible presents a brighter side to all this. The lost can be found. And unless we see this, we have missed the whole point of Christianity. Jesus said very specifically that this was his purpose in coming: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10 KJV.)

We continually hear talk about God being hidden; yet the central thought of the Bible is that God reveals himself. God is hidden only in our sin. He is not seen by eyes so filled with self that there is no room for him. In reality, it is not God who is lost; it is man. Man in his lostness simply does not see God. But God is never hidden from eyes of faith. He is always found by the man who wants to find him.

Christianity at its center is about God finding man. Surprisingly to many, the main point of faith is not what is often referred to as "the teachings of Jesus." Nor is it the Bible, which we sometimes appear to worship. Christianity's central emphasis is an experience of God. It is the kind of heartwarming experience

that Wesley felt which can transform our lives.

Nothing is more practical in all the world than this high moment when God in Christ confronts us and life is changed. New life comes; life is seen in the right perspective; we find power and a new sense of value. We live in victory, for life is filled with purpose and direction.

Our Source of Peace

The Apostle Paul wrote to the Philippian Christians that when this experience came to them they would have "peace that passes human understanding." This peace is not a commodity handed over a bargain counter. Augustine called it the result of perfect order defining it as rest and quiet. However it is described, it is a fruit of the life-shaping experience of meeting God.

Undisturbed peace and perfect order are not characteristics of human society. Men of faith always have believed they could be realized if God's will were done on earth as it is in heaven. But peace remains for man only a "blissful vision." No mere human effort can produce it; it is the by-product of our living in the center of the divine will.

Though we cannot alone produce it, we can prepare our hearts for it. We can strive to remove every obstacle that keeps us from finding God's strength in our lives—sinful associations, wrong attitudes, disorderly attachments. Whatever goes counter to God's will is an obstacle in our path to peace.

But when Christ becomes central in thinking, our human frailties can be surrendered to God's power. Then, with his peace as an abiding reality in our hearts, we shall no longer be going "up the down staircase." Instead we shall be moving toward that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. □



For a Special Guest

FAITH is a family affair, not something to be left entirely to the church school.

There are many ways to keep and strengthen it. Witness the method evolved by a mother and her children to show their faith—and witness, too, the rich reward that came to the family because of its faith.

Let us call them the "Duncans." Mrs. Duncan had taught the children a prayer to say before each meal. It began:

Dear Jesus, when we start our day, / Come thou, and be our guest. / Be thou with us and bide with us, / Until we go to rest.

One day young Donny pushed an extra chair to the table, announcing solemnly, "This is for Jesus, our guest."

His mother, equally grave, replied, "We will set it there every day, for Him."

A few days later the eldest girl, Hester, came hurrying home from school and begged, "Mommy, could we have one of the boys from the orphans' home to dinner next Sunday? Teacher asked."

"Of course," responded her mother. "We will make it an

especially nice dinner, with everything a little boy would like."

"He can have Jesus' chair," suggested Donny, his eyes shining. "Jesus wouldn't mind, would he?"

"That is what it is for," reminded his mother, gently.

For many years after that, while the children were growing up, the Duncans repeatedly shared their home and "Jesus' chair" with the unfortunate, the homeless, the aged, and the friendless.

Jesus was their constant guest, and they learned that, "Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me" (Matthew 25:40).

Their faith never wavered—Donny's especially. Today he is a minister, helping to spread that faith throughout the world.

—KARIN ASBRAND



THIS MAN IS POVERTY STRICKEN, AND NEEDS YOUR HELP

He owns two cars, a boat, and a color TV. He will not qualify for federal anti-poverty funds, although he lives in abject poverty spiritually. He doesn't attend church and has never considered subscribing to TOGETHER, although he could afford it, perhaps more easily than you. So why should your church bear the expense of sending TOGETHER to him? Because he needs your help, and TOGETHER is an effective way to reach him. TOGETHER could awaken him to his situation. Your church could regain an important member.

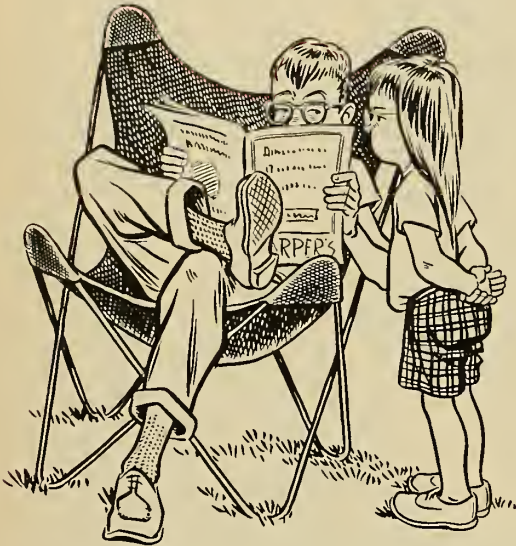
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Looks at NEW Books



Calm-before-the-storm in Henry Reed's Baby-Sitting Service, drawn by illustrator Robert McCloskey.

THROUGHOUT our history, we members of the human race have released our frustrations through warfare. Songs and stories have glorified heroism in battle. Little boys have built snow forts and sung out: "Bang, bang, you're dead!" Hymns have likened Christians to soldiers of the cross. But in this era, though war is with us still, we admit uneasily that combat is a dirty, murderous business.

Then where are we to find our heroes? How are we to satisfy the aggressive drives that stir in the most gentle people?

The opening of the peace frontier, believes science writer Arthur C. Clarke, offers the perfect moral equivalent of war. In *Voices From the Sky* (Harper & Row, \$3.95), he predicts that as space opens up to us the neurotic aspects of our age will change.

And why does man need to go to the planets? "It is often hard to avoid the feeling that we are in the grip of some mysterious force or *Zeitgeist* that is driving us out to the planets, whether we wish to go or not," writes Clarke. As to why we need to go to the moon, he sets forth some very practical reasons: this first earth satellite is the stepping-stone to all the

planets because of its low gravity. It requires 20 times as much energy to escape from the earth as it does from the moon.

Believing that we ultimately will come in contact with races more intelligent than our own, Clarke predicts that this may make it necessary to raise our belief that God made man in his own image and recognize that any gods whose chief concern is man "cannot be very important gods."

Clarke errs in assuming the Christian's God cannot be big enough to encompass the universe. But he has written a challenging book about man's newest frontier, a frontier that may save us from crippling claustrophobia on a shrinking planet.

I am uncomfortably aware that almost all young people in their early teens are smarter than I am, so I never like to recommend anything to them that I have not enjoyed myself. I have enjoyed, hugely, *Henry Reed's Baby-Sitting Service* (Viking, \$3.50), by Keith Robertson.

This deadpan story is the saga of a freewheeling, enterprising, resourceful young man who prefers to go "into business" instead of just taking a summer job. His adventures take off as if they were jet propelled, and there is a laugh on every page.

You may or may not think the musicians on this month's cover are appropriate to a worship service, but they are not the first, and they will not be the last, jazz musicians to take part in Protestant or Roman Catholic worship.

In *The World of Pop Music and Jazz* (Concordia, \$1), William Robert Miller throws some light on why this is so. Jazz, he says, is a creative art form in which the musician does not merely perform to order but has something of his own to say: "The joy or sorrow he communicates is not feigned but real . . . At every moment he is on call to respond either to his own inner promptings or to a musical statement from another player." In other words, jazz is witness. Looking at it another way: if, as I believe, any act of creation is a form of worship, this creative way of performing has to be worship.

Less creative and therefore less artistic, says Miller, is pop music, which does not rely on spontaneous expres-

sion. There is a fine line here, and one I am not sure I thoroughly understand. This paperback book is interesting, and worth study.

Is the church dying? If it is, who is killing it?

It is to these two questions that a stimulating, incisive paperback addresses itself. Then, *Who's Killing the Church?* (Renewal Magazine, \$1.50) takes the necessary step beyond criticism to make constructive proposals for the church's rebirth.

Writes editor Stephen C. Rose: ". . . the church today is in ferment. Some are feverishly trying to maintain the status quo . . . others are sensing a new spirit in the wind, a spirit which is calling the church to lay down its life for the world. The spirit has moved Christians into the heart of the fight for justice in our society; it has begun to replace inconsequential church work with a renewed wrestling with the deep implications of Christian faith. It blows through traditional parishes and gives birth to experimental ministries . . . There are some who feel that this is the spirit of God . . . Who's killing the church? God himself. The church is called to lose her life in order to find new life."

Except for one portion, the book's contents, written by various authors, have appeared previously in *Renewal Magazine*, an exciting publication on the forward edge of the renewal movement that is sponsored jointly by the Chicago City Missionary Society and the New York City Mission Society.

Nauvoo is in "Mormon culture more a legend than a chapter of history," writes Robert Bruce Flanders in *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* (University of Illinois Press, \$6.50). But legend or history, this small river town was once the largest city in Illinois, home of Joseph Smith and his Latter-day Saints after they were driven from Missouri and, in the 1840s, a prime attraction to river tourists.

Flanders, a Mormon and church historian, notes that in 1839 "the Prophet" and 5,000 followers "came [to Nauvoo] as exiles, lived as strangers in a hostile land, and in 1846 were driven from Illinois, exiles

again. They were, to use their own description, 'a peculiar people.'

The exodus began less than two years after the mob murder of the Prophet and his brother, Hyrum Smith, while they and other leaders were being held in the Carthage, Ill., jail under the governor's personal guarantee of safety. Gentile hatred of the Saints had grown with rapid expansion of Nauvoo and Mormonism, writes Flanders. The Gentiles' fear had been compounded by the armed 2,000-man Nauvoo Legion, by the city government's unusual powers, by Mormon participation in Illinois politics and Smith's candidacy for President of the United States, and by construction of the Temple, "built on a magnificent scale" on "command of the Lord" as revealed by the Prophet.

An incendiary's torch in '48 undid in one night what the Saints had labored five years to do, and only the site of the Temple, recently excavated, now remains.

Flanders' history is perhaps too scholarly for many readers, but if you should plan to visit Nauvoo, it will help you understand this now non-Mormon village on the Mississippi. Some restoration is underway by the two largest branches of Mormonism (the Utah and Missouri groups), and much more is planned.

On a recent visit to Nauvoo I asked our Mormon guides—you must have one from each group to see all the restorations—about a future reunion. "Possibly in 15 or 20 years," guessed one guide—apparently mellow toward the idea. "Not likely!" asserted the other one. The first guide said not a word against the other group. The second had not a good word for the rival branch.

Travelers to New England will find background on the steeples punctuating the landscape in *New England Worships* (Random House, \$7.95). In this book of text and drawings, John Wedda traces the changing face of faith in that historic part of the country.

Reaching beyond the traditional meetinghouse, he includes such structures as the Newport Tower, perhaps America's oldest place of worship (it may have been built by the Vikings); a drive-in church; and the Interfaith Altar of the Nations, on a New Hampshire hill. We find, also, such examples of modern church architecture as the soaring Unitarian Church in Westport, Conn., and the tentlike building housing the First Unitarian Congregational Society of Hartford, Conn. We Methodists are represented by the neighborly looking Methodist Church at Houlton, Maine.

On Sunday mornings we may forget

the history of the Christian church has been bloody and bigoted. Take the Huguenots. O. I. A. Roche sees them as the sacrificial vanguard of the modern world. Here was a new class of self-reliant burghers, businessmen, and artisans. They had education, money, and their own creed; and they were a potent threat to a savage feudal system, an armed aristocracy, and an established, dogmatic church.

Roche has written a history that puts these French Calvinists in the framework of their times in *The Days of the Upright* (Clarkson N. Potter, \$6). It is a brutal story of mass killing, torture, and power politics.

"So far, we have not learned from our mistakes," Roche points out. "The killings and tortures of the 20th century have made even the Inquisition seem pallid. Yet the lessons that point out plainly the futility of our savagery are written over and over again on the long scroll of history."

"Mister, what's God like?"

With the assurance gained from a theological education and several years as a pastor, the adult leader answered: "God is like a father."

The youngster from the slums considered this briefly and commented, devastatingly: "Hah, if he's like my father, I sure would hate him."

Out of this experience, Carl F. Burke has worked with children of the inner city in "translating" passages from the Bible into language they understand. There was the little boy who worked at the 23rd Psalm and concluded that: "The Lord is like my probation officer" the only adult who had earned his trust.

There were other children, too—in jail or detention home, at summer camp, in the released-time program of a city church. Some were knife fighters and hoodlums, others were not, but all of these young "angels with busted halos" were caught in pressures with which they could not cope.

Their versions of the Bible passages appear in *God Is for Real, Man* (Association Press, cloth, \$3.50; paper, \$1.75). Salty, direct, and told enthusiastically in expressive vernacular, they have a lot to say to all of us.

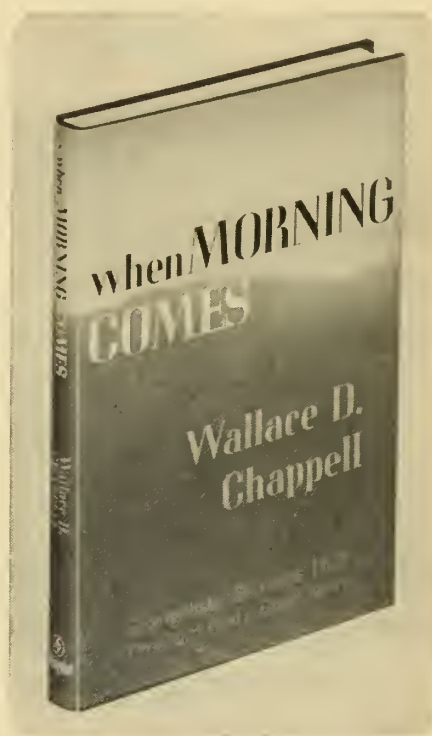
Carl Burke, a Baptist minister, is chaplain to the Erie County (N.Y.) jail and executive director of the department of social services of the Buffalo and Erie County Council of Churches.

The all-too-common idea that "Christianity means following the Golden Rule, living by the Sermon on the Mount" is one of the barriers to an honest faith which Chester A. Pennington tries to refute in *Even So . . . Believe* (Abingdon, \$2.50). In

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when MORNING COMES



by Wallace Chappell

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*The inspiring story of
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APPOINTMENT CONGO

by **Virginia Law**

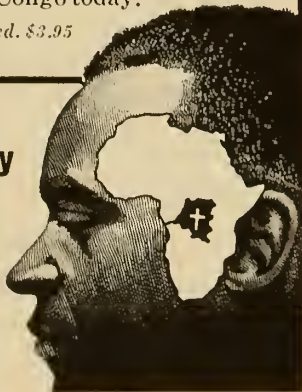
Builder, mechanic, pilot, Burleigh Lav was sent with his wife to Central Congo as a Methodist lay missionary in 1950. He died in 1964, while on a perilous flying rescue mission. This is an inspirational testimony of faith and the power of the Gospel as well as an account of pure adventure and the problems facing the Congo today.

Illustrated. \$3.95

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this modest-sized book, the pastor of Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, Minneapolis, tackles all the familiar obstacles to deeper belief and puts them into a framework of faith.

It comes almost as a surprise that a theologian as eminent as Paul J. Tillich did not meditate in some ivory tower. But the only towers in the latter part of his life were the gray Gothic towers in the divinity school of the University of Chicago. This was where he taught, delighting in conversations with his students and colleagues, even working out some of his theology in the classroom, with his students as his sounding board.

Just before he died in 1965, he said that if he had time he would write a new *Systematic Theology* oriented toward, and in dialogue with, the whole history of religions. He would have liked for it to have considered the existential crisis and religious vacuum of contemporary Western societies, and the religious traditions of Asia and the primitive world, with their recent crises and transformations.

What we do have from him are two new books, one containing four essays, the other an autobiographical sketch. *On the Boundary* (Scribners, \$3.50) is not the usual life story but rather a series of observations on how he came to think as he did. *The Future of Religions* (Harper & Row, \$2.95) includes his last public address and three other lectures. Preceding them are four tributes from his colleagues that give us a warm and wonderful view of him as a genius, teacher, and friend. This book also gives us some compelling pictures of him by photographer Archie Lieberman.

During World War II, when he was troubleshooter for Navy Secretary Frank Knox, Adlai E. Stevenson ran across an item in the service newspaper *Stars and Stripes* that disturbed him profoundly. It quoted an opinion poll in which 7 out of every 10 American parents interviewed had said they did not want their sons to enter public life.

"Think of it!" Stevenson used to say. "Boys could suffer and die in their cold, muddy, bloody campaign for the things we believe in, but parents didn't want their children to work for those same things. I decided then that if I ever had the chance I'd go into public life."

The chance finally came, though Stevenson was nearing his 49th birthday when he became governor of Illinois in 1949. From then on until his unexpected death in London in 1965, he never was out of public life. Twice he ran for the Presidency of the

United States; and as ambassador to the United Nations, he had to represent policies he had not shaped. Yet in spite of these disappointments, never did he lose his tact, his wit, his wisdom, his warmth, his dedication.

It is the moral insight he brought to politics that Alden Whitman and The New York Times stress in *Portrait: Adlai Stevenson: Politician, Diplomat, Friend* (Harper & Row, \$5.95). This is a highly readable book. So is *Adlai Stevenson, Citizen of the World* (McKay, \$3.95), which Bill Severn has written for young adults. The memorial volume *As We Knew Adlai* (Harper & Row, \$6.95) is a series of personal tributes from 22 friends that Edward P. Doyle's editing has not saved from clumsiness and monotony.

"Dear FBI, I sleep with my water pistol, last night I dreamt I was an agent for the FBI and we were closing in on a bunch of bank robbers. Just as I was reaching for my gun my mother woke me up for school. You guessed it."

Children from all over the country share their experiences, their problems, and their enterprises in letters addressed to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its chief, J. Edgar Hoover. Bill Adler has selected some of the funniest ones for *Kids' Letters to the F.B.I.* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.50). It's a lighthearted, amusing book.

The Swift Deer (Random House, \$1.95). Robert M. McClung's straightforward, sparkingly illustrated book about North American deer and some of their Old World relatives, reminded me that I have meant to mention another good book for young readers. It is B. F. Beebe's almost lyrical story of a sika deer on Assateague Island, off the Carolina Coast. *Assateague Deer* (McKay, \$3.75) is a compelling record of the life of a young animal in its natural environment.

A folktale from India about a lowly pottery-maker who became a great national hero through a series of mistakes and misconceptions is retold in words and pictures by Christine Price in *The Valiant Chattee-Maker* (Warne, \$2.95). It is good fun for readers who are in the second, third, or fourth grades.

Summer days can get long about August, even for sun-loving small fry. If time should be hanging heavy around your house, there are plenty of handicraft ideas in *Gifts and Gadgets* (Abingdon, \$3.50) by Mildred K. Zibulka. Adults can find projects here, too, for the ideas range from simple to complex things to make.

—BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

I GREW up in an environment which assumed that if a thing was pleasant, it probably was not very good for you. That which built character was that which was unpleasant. All my life I have had a suspicion that if I was really enjoying something, it probably was neither increasing my knowledge nor establishing my morals.

Yet this is not always the case. That which brings joy to us may also be good for us, and I was never more aware of this principle than while reading *THOSE WHO LOVE* by Irving Stone (Doubleday, \$6.95). For while I found the book easy to pick up but not easy to put down, I was aware also that Irving Stone was taking me back into a period of our national life through the sorrows and joys of John and Abigail Adams. This writer does his homework when it comes to research, and you can be fairly certain that he has found reason for the events he narrates. Of course, the interpretations are his, which is proper.

This is a little more the story of Abigail than of John. She was a great person who came from a minister's family and was the second president's inspiration and strength through all his life. She ran the farm while John was away on government business, and she cared for the details of their often difficult and troublesome lives to set him free for the great tasks he was so well fitted to perform.

I thought of Abigail as I have thought of preachers' wives and I wish all of them would read this book. I see preachers who might have done very well if it had not been for their wives. I see preachers also who would not have made it at all if it had not been for their wives. *Those Who Love* is a testimony to the greatness of the women who stand by men in public life and make their achievements possible. Behind nearly every successful man is a faithful wife and a surprised mother-in-law.

This book deals with a time that was, in some ways, a heroic period of

American history. But out of the experiences of the Adams family, we soon learn it was not so heroic as we sometimes think. Indeed, it was very much like the present period. There was the winning of the Revolutionary War and the pettiness and betrayal of politicians which followed it. There was the great and often acrimonious debate between the Federalists and the Republicans. There were the small men who criticized and libeled their betters. The book gives us a clear view of the greatness of John Adams' vision of what the new nation was to be and what it had to do.

The whole affair seems to be touch and go; and for those who grow very impatient with the new nations of Africa, it might be well to read some of the antics of which Americans were guilty in their beginning.

Through it all, there runs the joys and sorrows of family life and the hard road Abigail Adams had to walk. There was the boy who went wrong, and there was the son-in-law who was such a disappointment. There was not much in her life which we would call pure unadulterated happiness—except that out of the obligations and duties which she accepted with grace, there was something much deeper. At the end of the book, when John is defeated for the second term as president of the United States, there is still this shining quality which proclaims that joy is deeper than success or failure.

Those Who Love is one of Irving Stone's best achievements—a book you will want to buy and keep.

While another book I want to mention this month may offend some persons, I think it deals with issues significant for Christian people. It is *AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD* by Peter Matthiessen (Random House, \$5.95). The setting is the Amazon jungle and the cast is made up of missionaries from a fundamentalist sect, two soldiers of fortune, a no-good Spanish governor, and sundry Indians.

One of the missionaries is a slick promoter type, not very admirable. He knows all the clichés and all the ways to entice financial support for his work. The other missionary, a big rough fellow, is not very well educated but his heart is right. The two wives involved are very different, and in some ways very pitiful. The slicker's wife is beautiful and honest, and Martin Quarrier's wife turns into a whining, professional Christian after he is killed.

The hero of the story, if you could call him that, is an American Indian named Moon who, with his Jewish friend Wolf, has flown their plane around South America offering to use it for any cause that will pay them. But Moon feels a great sympathy for the Indians in this section and when he is ordered to bomb them, he takes the plane and flies into the jungle and disappears. They assume he is dead but find out later that he has cast in his lot with the natives. The conflict between Moon and the missionaries is the central theme.

We would be wrong if we presume that this is the missionary enterprise. It may be in some instances, but this does not represent Christianity and that needs to be made clear. In the framework of these two missionary couples and their relationship to the government on the one hand and to the Indians on the other, there is conflict, disappointment, and hypocrisy and, in some cases, the futility of the whole approach.

The story sounds as if it had been suggested by the happening in Ecuador when a mission to the Auca Indians ended in a massacre. But whether this is just coincidence or not, brave men have entered the South American jungles in the name of Christ and not all have returned. *At Play in the Fields of the Lord* is a perceptive and not altogether unsympathetic attempt to understand such an enterprise. Peter Matthiessen is a writer I am glad to have met. Hopefully, I look forward to another encounter in the future. □



Where Do Birthdays Go?

By JOYCE NELMS

TIMMY sat on the front steps of his house holding his new, blue birthday ball. He thought and thought about a question that had been bothering him all morning. But the more he thought, the more puzzled he became.

"I'll ask my friend, Mr. Policeman," Timmy said. "He will know."

So Timmy bippety-bounced his new, blue birthday ball up to the corner and hailed his friend.

"I have a very serious question," Timmy told Mr. Policeman, and his friend bent down so he could hear every word Timmy said.

"Yesterday I had a wonderful birthday," explained Timmy. "But today I can't find it anywhere. Tell me, where do birthdays go until you have another one next year?"

Mr. Policeman straightened up, scratched his head, and said: *I know the crispy, melting snow / Makes red and yellow tulips grow. / But, goodness, lad, I do not know / Where in the world birthdays go.*

"Thank you, sir," Timmy said. "I guess I'll have to ask someone else."

So Timmy bippety-bounced his new, blue birthday ball down the street. Soon he saw another friend.

"Hello, Mr. Balloon Man," called Timmy. "I have a very serious question for you."

"Oh, good," said Mr. Balloon Man. "I like questions. Riddles, too."

"Do you know where birthdays go?" Timmy asked.

Mr. Balloon Man tilted his head first on one side, then on the other, and finally said: *I know the sun falls fast asleep / Behind the hills so green and deep. / But, that's an answer I don't know— / Where in the world birthdays go.*

Timmy thanked Mr. Balloon Man, and then he saw his friend, Mr. Postman, walking up the path to the house where Timmy's family lived.

"Please wait!" shouted Timmy, running up. "I have a very serious question to ask you. Do you know where birthdays go?"

Mr. Postman puckered his eyebrows, wiggled them, and finally said: *I know the turtle, in a storm, / Snuggles in his shell so warm. / But, Timmy, I do not know / Where in the world birthdays go.*

Timmy thanked Mr. Postman and plopped down on the front steps of his house again.

"I guess no one in the whole world knows the answer to my question," he told himself.

Then Timmy saw his best friend, Bobby, running toward him.

"I've been looking for you!" called Bobby. "Hurry, or you'll be late for my party."

Quickly Timmy thought of all the different kinds of parties he knew. There were Halloween parties, but it wasn't Halloween. There were Valentine parties, but it wasn't Valentine Day. There were Christmas parties, but it wasn't Christmas. And then there were . . .

"Is it a birthday party?" shouted Timmy.

"Of course. Don't you remember? Today is my birthday," said Bobby. "Hurry, now," his friend called, starting off.

"So, that's where birthdays go!" exclaimed Timmy. "Yesterday was my birthday and today it is Bobby's turn. We share birthdays with each other, just the way Bobby and I share his red wagon!"

Later, when Timmy skipped out his front door with Bobby's present tucked under his arm, he sang this little verse all the way to the party: *My birthday went to Bobby's house. / He'll have candles on his cake. / I wonder where it will have gone / Tomorrow when I wake?*

Will it have come to your house? □

What Is My Name?

1.

I dance upon the housetops.
I play out in the street.
I sprinkle jewels in the grass
To cool your hot, bare feet.

What is my name?

2.

I send the kites up in the sky.
I push the clouds and make them cry.
When you play, we have a race.
When you are warm, I cool your face.

What is my name?

3.

I am a fairy, cold and white,
But I am a friendly sprite.
As I whirl my dress of lace,
I stop and kiss you on the face.

What is my name?

—Ethel Underwood

Answers:

1.—Snow. 2.—Wind. 3.—Fairy.

"Puff! Puff! Clang! Clang!

Toot! Toot! Too-o-o!"

A huffy, puffy, chuckly train

Says secret things to you.

"Here I go adventuring.

Here I go—hurray!

Now I'll see the hills and streams

Merry miles away.

"This is my first journey,

And I want to travel long.

As I dash across the plains,

My whistle toots a song.

"I'm a sturdy little train,

Shiny bright and new.

Now I go adventuring,

Toot! Toot! Too-o-o!"

—Dorothy Conant Stroud





Letters

A Two-Way Choice

BILLEE SCOTT MICK, *Pastor
Union Methodist Charge
Union, W.Va.*

Regarding *What Do They Mean, 'God Is Dead'?* [June, page 14]:

As I see it, it boils down to this: Do we "develop an evangelical theology that is relevant for our present time," or do we positively exemplify and proclaim the timeless Gospel that the "present time" must become relevant to the Gospel?

Who Is Dead?

WILLIAM M. WILDER, *Pastor
Trinity Methodist Church
Fayetteville, Ark.*

God is Dead,
God is dead,
Somehow I cannot get it
Through my head
That God is dead.

It seems so dread
To think of God as being dead.
Could it be me,
Or faith instead,
That's dead?

The Bible Says It

MRS. A. I. RAMSEY
Indianapolis, Ind.

As for this talk that God is dead, Psalms 14:1 says, "The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God.'" It is not for me to call anyone a fool, but the Bible does it for us.

'Ultimate in Absurdity'

JAMES H. GIBSON
Sheridan, N.Y.

The current rash of statements alleging the death of God has reached the ultimate in absurdity. The stunning part of all this is that teachers, theologians, and men connected with church-supported institutions should be guilty of disseminating such rubbish. And it is equally shocking to find such views reported without condemnation in a church paper.

Suppose that tomorrow some of our great scientists were to say that they had established the fact of another existence after death, that they had met and talked with a man who had returned from beyond the grave. What

a sensation that would make! And yet, Christians have known it for almost 2,000 years.

That is what is wrong here. We have known it too long. To some pseudo theologians, it has become just an old, old story, fast becoming an old, old legend soon to be relegated to the foggy realms of mythology. Then indeed will Christ have died in vain.

'Informative, Provocative'

WESLEY SHEFFIELD, *President
Wesley Center of Religion
Grand Forks, N.Dak.*

Warmest thanks for CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE Editor James M. Wall's informative and provocative article *What Do They Mean, 'God Is Dead'?*

I have been reading these radical theologians, rejoicing over their concern, commitment, and relevance, and recommending them to students. But I also have been disturbed by the inadequate treatment accorded them in the press and the hasty dismissal aimed at them by many churchmen. I find Altizer and the rest boldly announcing the death of God as a prelude to discovery of new faith in pertinent, emergent Christ. Few seem to get beyond the initial announcement.

It is encouraging to find a responsible Christian spokesman who offers a full-orbed critique of these writings.

'Illumination, Good Sense'

GEORGIA HARKNESS, *Prof. Emer.
Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.*

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for James M. Wall's fine article on the "God is dead" movement. It contains much illumination and good sense on a subject about which there is too little these days. We are not obligated to agree with the radical theologians, as I do not, but we should understand what they are trying to say.

'In Proper Perspective'

ROLAND W. TAPP, *Associate Editor
The Westminster Press
United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.
Philadelphia, Pa.*

I have just read James M. Wall's article. This is to tell you how much I appreciate Mr. Wall's ability to set the

whole thing in proper perspective. I'm quite sure that this will be useful to a great many people, and I certainly hope that the article can be reprinted in many other church magazines.

Dr. Tapp worked closely with Thomas J. J. Altizer as editor of Dr. Altizer's recently published book, The Gospel of Christian Atheism (Westminster, \$3, cloth; \$1.75, paper).—EDITORS

Dancing: Source of Trouble

SHELLI PETERSON
Federsburg, Md.

I am a 16-year-old minister's daughter, and I am writing about the answer Dr. Dale White gave to another girl on the subject of dancing in the May issue. [See *Teens Together*, page 60.]

From the girl's statement, "On fast numbers I like to dance with girls, but when a slow number is played, I like to be close to a boy," Dr. White should have gotten some inkling of why dancing is wrong for Christian young people.

It has been proven time and time again that dancing causes sexual feelings that can lead to serious consequences. I have discussed this with other young people who agree that being close to a girl or boy while dancing is a problem that teens should not have to cope with.

Everyone is worried over the slipping morals of our generation. I believe that one reason we have this decay in morals is that the church is not taking a firm enough stand on things like dancing.

Close to World or to Christ?

MILDRED VANNOY, *Lay Leader
Madisonville Methodist Circuit
Madisonville, Ky.*

It grieves my heart to see our teenagers being misled by answers such as that given by Dr. Dale White to the girl who asked about dancing.

Why one would say that any questionable amusement is all right I don't know. I am sure Dr. White, deep down, knows that it isn't the movement of the body that is sinful, but it is dancing, coming in bodily contact with another of the opposite sex, that is sinful.

I cannot imagine a minister or lay person who dances, or does other sinful things, leading anyone to Christ. Why should we see how close to the world we can live instead of how close to Jesus we can be?

No Censorship Needed

H. E. ELSÉN
Portland, Oreg.

I cannot permit to go unchallenged some implications contained in *Letters* in the June issue of *TOGETHER*.

While I do not question the right of

readers to disagree with opinions expressed in our magazine, I do question the implication of censorship.

Methodists have prided themselves on being enlightened on controversial subjects. Robinson, Pike, Altizer, Hamilton, and the others are contemporary controversial figures in the field of theology. If we Methodists are to know what we are talking about when the theories and philosophies of these men are discussed, we have not only a right but an obligation to read accurate, unbiased reports of their views. I feel that **TOGETHER** is obligated to furnish this information.

Publication does not imply endorsement any more than reporting the irreligion of communism places a stamp of approval on that particular political philosophy. Let us continue to hear both sides of these issues. Only in this manner can we intelligently agree or disagree.

Another Cover Torn Off

MRS. FRANCIS OLSEN
Fowler, Colo.

So Mrs. George Cox tore off the cover of her April **TOGETHER**! [See April Copy Now Coverless, June, page 70.] So did I—but for an entirely different reason.

I tore it off to post in my church-school department, along with the smaller illustration from page 3 of the same issue showing Joseph of Arimathea with the Body of Christ in wood carving. My fifth and sixth-graders were quite interested in seeing the various ways Christ's passion can be portrayed.

Mrs. Cox says, "We have some lovely pictures of Jesus." I disagree. We have some lovely artist's conceptions of Jesus—but who has ever said that every facet of his life and suffering was lovely?

Art for Real Looking

MRS. GEORGINA SCHWARTZ
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here we go again! **TOGETHER** publishes a piece of modern art that says something important, but old, in a new way, and all you get are complaints about how ugly it is. I refer specifically to June letters about the April cover, *Joseph of Arimathea With the Body of Christ*.

Your modern art features are the only pictures that I *really* look at for long. I should learn to sit down and write you a letter of praise every time so that you could have something to balance the comments of oldtimers who can't stand anything new.

I believe the church will have to stop burying the Good News in forms that no one is noticing and reach people where they are—whether by modern art, in coffeehouses, or in contemporary drama such as *A Man Dies* . . . (which

other readers disliked) in the language of whatever ghetto people live in.

'Fine Expression of Faith'

SAMUEL A. STANLEY, JR., *Pastor*
St. John's Methodist Church
Staunton, Va.

I was amazed to read the letters in the June issue regarding the sculpture on your April cover. This was one of the finest contemporary expressions of our faith that my eyes have seen. How limited is God, who wants to help us, when we will not open our eyes to the world about us.

Picture Did Not Do Justice

LEARIS B. LEACH
Newark, Del.

I was quite disturbed by the June letters about the cover of your April issue showing *Joseph of Arimathea With the Body of Christ*.

I live only a few miles from the Hockessin Methodist Church where this fine piece of sculpture is displayed, and I feel fortunate to be able to see and enjoy it. I believe that if those who criticized this work of art were able to view it at its location, they would compliment instead of criticize.

The picture from the angle taken does not do this piece of art justice.

New Life at Grass Roots

JACK HOOPER, *Pastor*
The Methodist Church
Marble Falls, Texas

I praise God for the new **TOGETHER**! You should know that the magazine is bringing new life to the church at the grass-roots level—in the homes of Methodists across the land.

What a help and indispensable aid **TOGETHER** has become to those of us who work for renewal in the local church. How tremendous it is to be able to point our congregation toward **TOGETHER** as one area of the church where renewal already has occurred!

Relevancy Needs No Defense

MRS. DANE K. STOLL
Kettering, Ohio

I have just read June *Letters* [page 68] regarding *A Man Dies* . . . [April, page 54]. In view of the fact that there were four letters against the article and only two for it, I feel compelled to present another point of view.

As a teacher, I have been cautioned recently by my professional journals that the reason we often fail in teaching children from lower socioeconomic areas is that we attempt to force our own "educated, middle-class" manners, mores, and morals on children whose backgrounds are dissimilar to ours.

Surely the same principle can be applied to teaching religion. Your article

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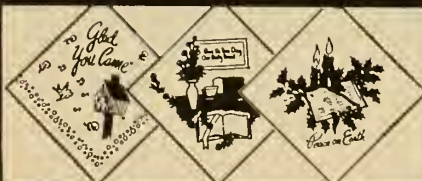
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pointed out what I feel are significant facts. First, the play was produced in Brooklyn youth canteens and coffee-houses. Second, its funds came from the federal poverty program through the Neighborhood Youth Corps. Third, "It gave summer jobs to some young people who would not have worked otherwise."

It would appear that this was an area where young people would find it difficult to identify with our stereotyped middle-class attitudes toward Sunday-school Bible lessons. Because some of us cannot accept such an unconventional approach to the story of Christ does not mitigate its value. If it was relevant to the young people involved in it, then it needs no defense.

Younger Generation Reached

SUSAN ROBINSON

Portland, Oreg.

I am a high-school senior, writing in response to the letters in your June issue concerning *A Man Dies* . . .

In reading your April number, I found this particular article appealed to me—indeed, excited me—more than any other article, and I was disgusted with the reactions shown in the letters you printed.

I think I can safely say that half the world's population is under 25 years old, and whether older people like it or not, drama, rock 'n' roll, and language such as this play typifies are the best ways to reach my generation.

The fact is that most of our youth are bored with conventional religion, and if we want a church tomorrow, we must adapt ourselves to a changing world!

Search for New Ways

CHARLES H. LIPPY, Student

Union Theological Seminary
New York, N.Y.

I write in response to the letters of protest appearing in the June issue regarding the April feature *A Man Dies* . . . It was my privilege to see this Lenten musical drama performed by persons affiliated with the East Harlem Protestant Parish in New York. The response of the congregation made it obvious that *A Man Dies* had conveyed the message of the Passion as no other medium could have done.

It appears more than slightly ironic that those who most loudly bemoan the waning influence of the church in our day are those who most violently object to the use of new forms to proclaim the message of the church. Since not everyone can identify with a single means of Gospel proclamation, it seems to me that we must keep searching for new ways to communicate the eternal meaning of the Gospel until we have expressed our word of love in ways relevant to all men.

Not 'We-They' But 'Us'

MRS. C. E. HUGHES, Parish Worker
Wesley Methodist Church
Cleveland, Ohio

As a former student at National College for Christian Workers (now Saint Paul School of Theology-Methodist), I was especially interested in your article about Kansas City. [See *Forging Alternatives to Slum Despair*, May, page 50.]

I would like to add two comments. First, we have noticed an actual fear on the part of suburbanites to become involved in the inner city. There are dangers, and yet great satisfactions come when there is more than just token involvement. I feel that we will only come to a real solution when we get rid of this "we" and "they" feeling. Only when it is "us" working together will there be real solutions. We are not just professional do-gooders helping poor people a little for the salvation of our own souls but Christians involved heart and soul in the lives of people—and they respond.

Second, I sincerely wish there could be more vital communication among us who work in inner-city areas. I would like, for instance, to be able to put on my tape recorder a tape for third grade that my third-graders could understand.

I would like to have a part in developing a curriculum for the underprivileged child. And I'd like to hear from other parish workers and program directors to share problems, frustrations, and "what worked for us."

'Where Have They Been?'

FRANKLIN W. McGUIRE, Minister
Graduate Student in Social Work
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

Forging Alternatives to Slum Despair causes me, on the one hand, to say congratulations to the Kansas City Inner City Parish for its ministry, its involvement of indigenous workers as well as suburban volunteers. On the other hand, it causes me to ask: Where have the staff members been?

They seem unaware that the social-work profession and the social-welfare system have been developing rapidly over the past 30 years. It seems obvious from this article that the Kansas City staff has not recognized the long history and experiences of Methodist settlement houses and community centers, as well as the social-work profession. If they had, they would have been able to make more productive use of accumulated knowledge in work with the disadvantaged.

I am also concerned about their obvious lack of knowledge as to what it really means to provide social services. Despite good intentions of the "case-worker" and staff, it is evident that she

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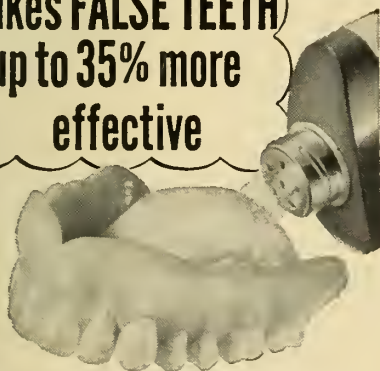
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would be more correctly called a "case aid worker." It is impossible to pick women "from the ghetto" and train them to be social workers.

"The Band-Aid approach" described by Parish Director Harold Garman is nothing more than the old stopgap approach that church agencies have provided for years. To supplement "Band-Aids," perhaps more needs to be done to change the social systems that make "Band-Aids" necessary. Involvement with Saul Alinsky may help to sharpen the parish's focus, but it is unfortunate that it had to wait for him before it started acting. I hope it will not settle now for "Band-Aids" where major surgery is needed.

She Has Special Pride

MRS. VIRGINIA FIORAVANTI
Secretary, Casa Materna Society, Inc.
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

I was particularly thrilled with *A Home for Gennaro* [June, page 57]. Since I am the American financial secretary for Casa Materna, I view with special pride the accomplishments of the Casa and the Santi family.

My office is in the Asbury Methodist Church of Yonkers, N.Y., my own church, and the space is donated to the orphanage. Casa Materna is one of the philanthropies of Asbury Church. Mrs. Luisa Santi Zaccaro, also a parishioner at Asbury, helps with the office during winter months and goes back to Portici every summer to work at a dozen jobs she loves at Casa Materna.

Dr. Emanuele Santi, the director and brother of Mrs. Zaccaro, will tour the U.S. again in 1967. I am sure his old friends will want to see and hear him.

The work of Casa Materna is co-ordinated by a wonderful group of volunteers in this country and Italy as well as in England and Switzerland. With their help, the work will continue forever.

It's Fine to Celebrate, But . . .

MRS. JOSEPH HALL
Albion, Iowa

This seems the best opportunity for me to express myself about a matter which has been bothering me for some time, namely the story of the 12 Methodist clergymen who rode horseback to Baltimore to mark the 200th anniversary of The Methodist Church in America. [See *Destination Baltimore*, May, page 20.]

I have great respect for our ministers, particularly the circuit riders of our early days. Surely they were kindly and merciful men who gave their mounts care and consideration. When I first heard of this recent plan in connection with the anniversary, it sounded like a teen-age stunt. Frankly, it still does.

I have been appalled to read accounts



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of what happened to some of the horses. I note that one went lame, one was killed by a truck, and another was dropped out because of saddle sores. Even one of the riders was quoted as saying, "Some of the horses that have been ridden all the way are in terrible shape. One has lost 80 pounds."

It's fine to celebrate our church's 200th anniversary, but I think this abuse of innocent animals was cruel and unnecessary, and something of which Methodists should be ashamed.

No More Stunts, Please

MRS. WALLY ERICKSON
Stockton, Calif.

I feel I must express myself in regard to the trek of the 12 Methodist ministers on horseback to Baltimore. All ministers should be aware of the fact that long-distance stunts involving dogs or horses are frowned upon, if not stopped, by all humane organizations. For the first time in my life, I feel really ashamed to be a Methodist. There must be more conventional and dignified means of promoting our church. Let's have no more such cheap stunts!

Story—With Picture

DOROTHY BOONE
Martin's Ferry, Ohio

Thank you for the beautiful pictures of *American Methodism's 12 Shrines* in the May issue of *TOGETHER* [page 32].

I had just finished reading *Wide Meadows* (Caxton, \$4) by Jean Bell Mosley in which she tells of a pilgrimage to McKendree Chapel when a little girl. She provided the story and you provided the picture!

Strawbridge House Intact

JAMES C. A. CONNER, Vice-Pres.
Carroll County Historical Society
Westminster, Md.

Your colorful pictorial article by H. B. Teeter, *American Methodism's 12 Shrines* [May, page 32], depicts the Strawbridge House here in Carroll County. On page 36, your artist has done a colorful and imaginative work, showing this shrine as a one-story log house. Your caption states, "Only a few timbers remain from the original cabin . . ." I should like to offer an amendment.

The house you pictured in the lower left corner of page 36 is the Strawbridge House. The original house is that part to the left of the chimney, including the basement. It is built of hand-hewn logs. At a later date the portion of the building to the right of the chimney was added, and the entire structure was covered with clapboard.

Robert Strawbridge came to the Sam's Creek area of what was then Frederick County, Maryland, in 1760. On March 2, 1773, he bought the log

house and farm of 50 acres for 50 pounds. He continued to live here until he moved to Baltimore County in 1776.

During the years of his stay here, Strawbridge was extremely active in his ministerial work. In 1764, he saw to the building of a log meetinghouse a mile from his home. It is of this meetinghouse that only a few timbers remain. They are incorporated into a springhouse on the farm surrounding the site of the chapel. The site itself is marked by a stone marker.

The Strawbridge House today is a private residence. I cannot but express gratitude to Mr. Arthur Haines, the owner, who keeps the house in excellent condition and is a gracious host to individuals and groups who visit this Methodist shrine.

No 'Little Issues' Involved

R. BENJAMIN GARRISON, Pastor
Wesley Methodist Church
Urbana, Ill.

It would be difficult to add to Richard Cain's cogent arguments in *Methodist-EUB Union: Now . . . or Later?* [June, page 24]. But Bishop Lance Webb did not detract from them either in his portion of this *Powwow*.

Nevertheless, since I am one of those sincerely advocating what Bishop Webb calls "disturbing and perplexing" arguments against union now, I must try to reply.

I know no responsible critics of the proposed Plan of Union who are unwilling, as Bishop Webb's "Screwtape" states, "to pray and worship and work together." Moreover, the bishop himself admits that his attempts to encourage grass-roots discussion have not met with "too much success." Is it not, then, the height of ecumenical naïveté to suppose that there will be any more incentive for such conversations once the decisions have been made in the upper echelons?

Bishop Webb allows that "there just could be some Screwtape fallacy" in his reasoning, too. This is the precise and the damaging point. The issues Mr. Cain raises are exactly not Screwtape matters; they are emphatically not "little issues."

The failure to provide a terminal date for elimination of Negro annual conferences is a disobedience to our Lord of staggering proportions. I must believe that my bishop was simply carried away by his literary device; I must believe that he does not take this to be a minor matter.

Bishop Webb has a depth of ecumenical experience and commitment which no one can gainsay. Nevertheless, it was he who wrote, rightly, that renewal is "intangible." Indeed it is. But so is the Holy Spirit.

And it is His presence I cannot find in what now is before us.



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